

Real Estate, Loan and Insurance

EXCHANGE.

I have over 300 of the most desirable Residence Lots in Rhinelander for sale, ranging in price from \$100 to \$500 each. Also many of the finest Business Sites. Time given purchasers who intend building. Time given purchasers who intend buying. Sole agent for all property of M. L. S. & W. R'y Co. Brown Brothers, S. H. Alban and others.

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I can place any amount of money on improved Real Estate at 40 per cent. of its value, on from 1 to 5 years time, netting from 8 to 10 per cent. interest per annum.

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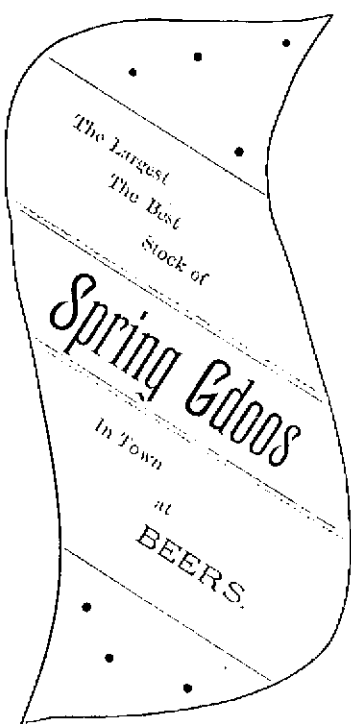
I represent several of the Heaviest and most liberal and reliable Insurance Companies doing business in the world, and make a specialty of writing Fire Insurance at Equitable Rates.

- - ABSTRACT - -

The only Abstracts of Oneida County Lands. Two Complete Sets.

Office on Davenport Street.

PAUL BROWNE.



O. F. Wissler

MAKER OF FINE

CIGARS

The "Soo" and O. F. W

ARE OUR SPECIALTIES.

RHINELANDER.

- WISCONSIN.

DRY GOODS,

Groceries and Shoes.

Our line of Dry Goods is always well assorted with the newest things in market. Car load of Groceries always in stock. We carry the best and leading makes of Men's, Women's and Children's Fine Shoes, such as The Celebrated John Kelly, McClure, Blaser & Eggert and many other makes. Men's and Women's Furnishing Goods, Clothing Hardware and Lumbermen's Supplies, and a thousand other things too numerous to mention. We are also at the bottom on prices.

SPAFFORD & COLE.

THE CELEBRATION.

EVERYTHING PASSES OFF QUIETLY.

Watersmeet Loses a Sure Thing.—The Day's Program as Carried Out.

The elements were favorable for a successful celebration of this glorious country's birthday in the year 1891. The program as outlined was carried out in Rhinelander. Neighboring towns contributed liberally to the crowd which lined the main streets in the early morning. The parade, which was a trifle late, was creditable to all participating. The Knights of Pythias Uniformed Rank presented a fine appearance. The young ladies representing the different states were attractively attired. The societies represented as advertised and the big enthusiasm parade centered itself into one rig, consisting of an ox and two men. A large crowd assembled near the speakers platform to listen to the patriotic music and words. Judge S. H. Alban presided and the quartette sang well. John Barnes delivered the oration, which was in exceptional good taste, and interested the large audience to the end.

He reviewed, in pleasing phraseology the events which inspire patriotism and make the fireworks business pay a dividend. The idiotic but fashionable idea that Fourth of July celebrations were becoming ridiculous—not to quote the speaker, very chestnutly, was neatly turned by the speaker. He said "The custom of turning loose embryonic orators and delaying a sweltering audience with long winded speeches, has been severely criticised by our foreign neighbors, who say we are given too much to self adulation. I cannot agree with them. We can point with pride to our history, and such being the case we should be allowed to talk all we wish to about it. If we were ashamed of our past, as some of them have reason to be, it would certainly be wise to keep still. There is no better way to inspire patriotism and love of country in a rising generation than by recounting to them the acts and patriotic exploits of the forefathers of the country it claims for its own. We are told of our faults and our follies by the press, from the pulpit and rostrum every day in the year. One day of jubilation is not too much."

The address was not too long to weary his hearers, and the speaker was heartily applauded. The Declaration was well read by Mary Howe Shelton, and the music was both appropriate and well rendered.

Immediately after dinner the races took place on Brown street, and were highly interesting. The foot race was won by rank outsiders. There were fifteen entries, and not a Rhinelander man got within a gun shot of the goal. It was a hundred yard dash and the time made was eleven seconds. Welsh, a log saller who had to be urged into the race carried off first money without an effort. The Watersmeet man got second money and third was taken by a stranger named Robinson. The town sprits guarded the rear. The potato, sack and other races proved very interesting. Running race on Davenport street was a good one. George O'Donnell won the first heat with his scorch, but drew out on account of a bad shoe. Two more heats were run by Howard Robbins and Sam Cole, both on Broncos, the latter winning the two heats. At 3:30 an immense crowd had gathered at the ball park to witness the game between Watersmeet and Rhinelander. It was one of the most exciting games ever seen in Northern Wisconsin and not until the last man was out was the game sure.

WATERSMEET CAME LOADED

with players sufficient to give them a sure lead pipe clinch on the game. They began exhibiting plenty of nerve and plenty of money as soon as they arrived. They had a battery which was paid \$150 and "couldn't lose." Altogether they had two or three Watersmeet men tangled up in the game. The O. F. Ws. played their regular team. A number of bets offered by outsiders were taken before the game, and after it started the money went up rapidly. The game opened with McIndoe at bat, who went to first on balls. The next two men got to first on errors, and then Watersmeet put out the side without a run. Three Watersmeet men on bases and no one out was the condition, not the theory, which confronted the O. F. Ws in their half of the first inning also, but not a run was scored. From that on the game was a lively one. The batting on both sides was light, and the rough condition of the grounds made the fielding impossible. But the hits, errors and runs were so evenly distributed that the result was a guess to the end. In the second inning

after two men were out Weber hit the ball to short, and Jacobson threw it over Squier's head. The short-footed pitcher kept on running and in trying to stop him at third Squier threw by Dewey and the first run of the game was presented them. In the home club's inning Bishop hit the ball out into the crowd in right field, taking second. He stole third and scored on a short passed ball, just before the side was out. Watersmeet got one in the third, Weber was again the lucky man. He hit the ball down in front of the plate, Bishop threw it low to first. He was advanced to third on two errors and came in on a hit past second. The home club gained the lead by scoring in both the fourth and fifth. McIndoe got first on a fumble of the third basemen, from which he promptly stole second. He went to third on James' hit, and scored on a short passed ball. Watersmeet was presented with another run in the sixth Lawler went to base on balls, stole second and scored on a fumble at third. In the ninth the only earned run of the game was made. Squier came to the slaughter after having struck out at each previous exhibition. His friends yelled and pleaded for a hit. He swiped it and the echo of the swipe awoke the slumbering denizens of Cadillac and Sand Lake. It was a clean two-bagger between left and center and on the poor return of the ball Squier went to third. It only needed a hit to win and Jewell was equal to the emergency. He sacrificed down the third base line and before the ball could be captured Squier was across the plate with the winning run. All Michigan seemed to join in the chorus of singing the praises of long-legged Squier and the rest of the nine. Something came up in the neck of Watersmeet's hired team and with little difficulty they were disposed of in the ninth without a run. The score:

O. F. Ws.

	A	R	R	I	P	O	A	E
McIndoe, C.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Jones, P.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
James, 2b.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Jacobson, ss.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
McIndoe, 1b.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Squier, B.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Dewey, 3b.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Jewell, R.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bishop, P.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	10	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

WATERSMEET.

	A	R	R	I	P	O	A	E
Long, ss.	5	0	0	1	3	1	3	1
Layler, 2b.	5	1	1	1	3	1	3	1
Reber, 1b.	5	1	1	1	3	1	3	1
McIndoe, 3b.	5	1	1	1	3	1	3	1
Parks, c.	5	0	0	1	3	1	3	1
Webster, p.	5	0	0	1	3	1	3	1
Wardner, 2b.	5	0	0	1	3	1	3	1
G. Hunter, cf.	5	0	0	1	3	1	3	1
Vanderwerker, 1b.	5	0	0	1	3	1	3	1
Totals	35	3	3	27	10	7	10	7

NOTES OF THE DAY.

The fireworks were plentiful and made a fine showing at night.

Dan Fitzpatrick's dance in the Old Opera house was well patronized.

The Grand Opera House was crowded at the dance the night of the 4th.

John Ferdon, who officiated here Saturday, is the best umpire ever seen in this section. His decisions are always backed by the rules and they always "go."

The Watersmeet outfit was without exception the "sorest" lot after their defeat, that ever played ball. They kicked like a lot of little boys, and wanted to try it over again.

WATER RESERVE LOTS.

The Sale Passes off Very Harmoniously.

The sale of water reserve lots took place at Wausau yesterday. The main interest centered in the mill lots, which all went at the appraised value. The Bristol mill site was bid in for \$1000 by the Soo Lumber Co. E. R. Bristol. Howard Robbins bid the three lots next to his mill, for \$1. Olson & Mickel, in took three lots north of their mill. David Jennings bid in all the grill lots above Howard Robbins' and also blocks 7 and 8 of the 1st city property. G. S. Coon. Other work lots along the Soo river were for the Advancement Association. In all something like \$1,000 worth of lots, and all went at the appraised value, no opposition in bidding developing. There are still a large number of lots left and the people who have built houses on them can secure them at the appraised value. The school fund will realize about \$10,000 from this sale. There was considerable talk of bidding the mill lots up, but nothing was done in that line.

New School Board.

The election of clerks for the various sub-districts in the town Monday night, resulted in the choice of the following in Rhinelander: Paul Browne, W. W. Carr, Ed. Dimick and John Curran. The three outside districts have not yet been heard from. The board will hold its first meeting for organization on Monday.

Cherries, Currants, Blueberries, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Now is the time to buy to can. Go to Reed's, they will tell you all about it. Fruits best quality.

SOME FAST TIME.

The Fire Company Proves its Effectiveness and Speed.

Monday morning about ten o'clock fire broke out in the building owned by Geo. Jewell on Brown street and in a few moments it was a complete mass of flames. The Morgan House on the north and the Chinese laundry on the south soon ignited and for a time it looked as though all would be consumed, but the firemen were now industrious at work and the flames were soon under subjection. It only took the boys two minutes after the alarm sounded to throw water from the hydrants on the fire.

In a minute after the first alarm sounded the hose cart was on its way to the fire and in another minute a stream was playing on the flames. Liveryman Ball happened to have a team standing in front of his barn as the hose cart came out and it was at once pressed into service and with all the effectiveness of a city fire engine team they ran down the street. The north side company were not far behind despite the long distance they had to come. They came down on the dead jump, but at the corner of Brown and Davenport streets the rope fastening their cart to the wagon broke. The cart upset, breaking everything about it except the wheels. Ed. Dimick, who was riding it, was thrown heavily, but escaped with a few bruises. The damage is slight. There was no insurance on the little shop which burned, neither was there any on the building occupied as a laundry. The Morgan House is insured and the loss there will be slight.

Married.

July fourth by County Judge, J. W. McCormick, George O'Donnell and Miss Lillie Kern. The young people are both well known and well liked here. Fred Parsons and Amelia Balticus were married at Oshkosh July 5th.

Base Ball to-morrow at 3:30, Portage vs. O. F. Ws.

Miss Sales, of Michigan, is visiting W. H. Brown's.

Base Ball to-morrow at Keenan's park. Game begins at 3:30.

Prices on photographs lower than ever at Wolcott's new gallery.

Dr. Shaw, of Antigo, was in town yesterday for a few hours.

S. H. Bowman has returned from his extended trip through the south.

Mrs. Geo. Dusel is visiting friends and relatives in Royalton this week.

Group pictures a specialty at Wolcott's new gallery on Brown street.

Miss Lillie Reed, of Oshkosh, is visiting with the family of R. Reed in this city.

Eagle River's ball team suffered defeat for a starter. Antigo put it on them the fourth.

Mark Shafer is moving his goods into the new store next to one now occupied by him.

D. R. Curran's family have arrived from Kaukauna and are settled permanently in their new home on his Lake Creek claim.

The purchase of water front lots by David Jennings is an indication that he intends making Rhinelander a point for some business investment.

A change of time on the Soo goes in to effect Sunday, July 12. The limited will leave for the west much later, and going east also will leave Minneapolis later.

The Soo line has on another freight car on four rates to the seaboard from Minneapolis. The other route of Minneapolis have not decided as yet whether to meet the cut or give the Soo the business.

K. K. Kennan, well-known as the Wisconsin Central land man, was in town last week. He goes next week to Nebraska where he will act as General Manager of a town site company which will develop a big water power there.

D. L. Jenkinson has taken the agency for the American No. 7 sewing machine. He has several on exhibition in his jewelry store and invites the ladies to call and inspect them. The price is satisfactory and the machine unrivaled.

At a meeting of the advancement association held Monday evening it was decided to purchase a number of water reserve lots on the north side along the Soo line, in order to have them to offer either the Soo company for division grounds or to give some factory for a site. G. S. Coon bid them in at their appraised value yesterday.

W. L. Beers' "Honest Jim" trotted in the free for all at Antigo the 4th. He went in 2:37 but did not get near the front. Harry Medium, the Wausau horse which won the race, can go in 20. Sylvanus Kelly's colt took second money in the three minute race, against an old finger that could go in less than 40. Those who went from here are not over enthusiastic with regard to the manner in which Antigo runs its celebration and horse trots.

For Genuine Bargains

JEWELL & BASTIAN'S.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

FRESH FRUITS & VEGETABLES,

Creamery and Dairy Butter, Hay, Feed, Flour, Oats, Etc

JOHN B. SHELL,
THE TAILOR.
The Finest Line of Suitings in the City.

Harness!

J. H. Schroeder.

BROWN STREET,

Rhinelander, - Wis.

Light and Heavy Harness,

And all Goods in my Line. Repairing done promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Orders from Lumbermen given special attention.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE FIRM,

CRANE, FENELON & CO.,

—Always Have on Hand a Full Line of—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

Rhinelander Hospital.

RHINELANDER - WIS

A FIRST-CLASS INSTITUTION.

For \$5.00 your doctor's bill, nursing and board is paid, and a home provided you in case of sickness or injury, during the period of one year. No man without a home can afford to be without a ticket on this hospital. We will take pleasure in showing you through the hospital at any time.

T. R. MCINDOE, Resident Surgeon.



Central Market, STEVENS ST.

JAS. GLEASON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MEATS, PROVISIONS, FISH AND GAME.

Our customers can rely upon securing good fresh meat, fair treatment and low prices as it can be sold for. We solicit a share of the city trade. Market next to C. O. D. Store. RHINELANDER, WIS.

E. G. SQUIER

—DEALER IN—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Etc.,

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Fausta's Block.

Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.
RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

EVERY minute, night and day, the United States government collects duty and spends \$161.

Boston has two more banks than New York. Pittsburgh has two more than Chicago and thirty-two more than Philadelphia.

MONTANA is larger than the empire of Turkey, Texas is larger than the whole Austrian empire by thirty thousand square miles, and New Mexico is larger than Great Britain and Ireland together.

THE United States is young yet, but it leads the world in its libraries. The public libraries of all Europe put together contain about 21,000,000 volumes; those of this country contain about 50,000,000.

THE prince of Wales won largely on Common in the English Derby, but lost again by playing Col. North's Old Boot for a place. The prince is also losing by playing his mother's old shoes for a place.

WILLIAM J. LADD, who received from Harvard this year the degree of bachelor of arts, was the first union man to enter Richmond. It is claimed at the close of the civil war. He had passed his entrance examination when that struggle began, but instead of going through college he enlisted and made a good record.

MR. HARRIS, one of the envoys of King George V., now visiting England, talked into a photograph, and when he presently heard his own word-repeated verbatim he remarked that it was now in use for him to tell lies as all his words were recorded. What a pity the photograph cannot be put into more general use.

THE new constitution for Kentucky provides that the governor shall be elected in the odd-numbered years, the representatives in the even-numbered years, and that the governor shall be elected at the same time and place as the representatives. And now the constitution makers are wondering whether they have any provision at all for the election of a governor.

BRIAN CRUIK, the learned Episcopal divine, has taken up the war on the practice of bicycle riding by women. In a recent address in Buffalo, N. Y., at the commencement exercises of St. Margaret's school, he said he "choked none of the graduates would ever be seen astride a wheel," and that "the girls he had seen riding on Delaware avenue looked like old women on a broomstick."

BOBACE GREENE once said: "The darkest day in any man's career is the day when he first seeks to get a dollar in some easier way than by squarely earning it." This says the Troy (N. Y.) Times, is sound doctrine, and especially timely in this period of reckless speculation, bank wrecking and visionary financial theories, all directed toward getting gain with the least possible return therefor.

IN one minute and a half a Pennsylvania ate twenty-four raw eggs, shells and all, on a wager and an empty stomach, and is anxious to get fifty dollars he can eat twice as many in three minutes. There are some men who make whole communities tired. If this man will promise to eat six hundred eggs at one sitting, the money to pay for them, together with a fifty dollar bonus, can be raised by public subscription almost anywhere.

SIX years ago a New Jersey gentleman bequeathed five thousand dollars of his estate to his widow and twelve thousand dollars to Henry George for the dissemination of single-tax literature. The will was contested by the relatives of the testator, and now, at the close of the contest, Mr. George gets three hundred and ten dollars and the relatives two hundred and ninety-six dollars. The lawyers take the balance.

HARVARD is two hundred and fifty-five years old and has graduated seven thousand students. A little more than half of them are living. Harvard's oldest living graduate in point of years is Dr. Frederick A. Farley, of the class of 1818, and he is ninety-one. He is probably the oldest minister in Brooklyn. Harvard's oldest graduate in point of personal age is Rev. William Wittington, of Washington, who is over ninety-two. Yale's oldest boy is Edward McCready, of Charleston, S. C., who graduated with the late ex-President Woodley in 1920.

MR. STODOLY has made an interesting experiment as to the time required to print his Philadelphia Record upon paper direct from the tree. The record (clipping one and a half cords of paper, three cords of wood, and a cord of labor, three cords of time) required the manufacture of a copy, twelve hours; manufacturing the copy, twenty-four hours; setting type, twenty-four hours; printing, thirty minutes; printing ten thousand copies, ten minutes. Total time from tree to paper, twenty-two hours.

"A HUNDRED years ago," says a slot machine man in the Philadelphia Press, "a man in England who kept a tavern made use of the slot machine. This was a tin box containing tobacco. The frequenter of his tavern dropped a half-penny in the slot and it struck a lever which opened the box. Then the purchaser took out a pinch of tobacco and put it in one of the pipes lying around on tables in the barroom. This is the first slot machine of which any record is known. Nowadays, they sell everything in them, especially in England, where they are used for postage stamps."

IT may not generally be known that before the war there was no such flower as the daisy in the state of Virginia. The daisy flower was a curiosity. Now the fields just around Richmond are white with them. This is especially so of the late battlefields about Chickahominy river and wherever the federals had encampments. An investigation shows that the seeds of the prolific daisy were brought there in the barrels of hay brought by the union soldiers in Virginia when they were camped near the city. An old battery west of Richmond is the spot from which the daisy began to spread.

Epitome of the Week.

INTERESTING NEWS COMPILATION.
FROM WASHINGTON.

IN United States, the visible supply of grain on the 24th ult. was Wheat, 15,399,484 bushels; corn, 4,841,041 bushels; oats, 3,469,718.

THE state department has received official notice of the death on June 4 of Alexander Clark, United States minister to Liberia.

It was received that the congress of Venezuela had responded favorably to the reciprocity provision of the United States tariff act of 1890.

A census bureau bulletin shows that the number of schools for the blind in the United States in 1891 was 2,941, while in 1880 the number was 2,011.

THE appointment of Mark W. Harrington, a professor in the university of Michigan, as chief of the government weather bureau, was announced.

IN the United States the business failures for the last six months show an increase of 371 as compared with the total of the first half of 1891, the totals being 6,636 for 1891 and 6,996 for 1890. The failures for 1891 were 291,270,252, against 262,841,001 for 1890; assets for 1891, \$79,208,195, against \$49,025,411 for 1890.

FROM 1851 to 1891 the arrivals of immigrants in this country reached 12,401,585. The arrivals from 1851 to 1890 were 8,129,907, or 65.57 per cent. of the total arrivals from 1851 to 1891. The only leading countries from which arrivals have fallen off during the past ten years are France and China. Of the arrivals during the ten years from 1881 to 1891, 3,205,911 were males and 2,910,073 were females. The greater portion of females came from Ireland.

THE statement of the public debt issued on the 1st showed the total debt to be \$1,008,075,230; cash in the treasury, \$104,803,582; debt less cash in the treasury, \$1,212,878,742. Decrease during June 30, 1891, \$50,463,819.

CENSUS report shows that the total value of the mineral products of the United States at the eleventh census amounted to \$55,088,450, the greatest ever reported for any country. The number of industrial mining establishments was 22,021 in 1890. The number of persons engaged in mining industries 512,114. The average wages paid them aggregate \$21,410,880. The capital employed in mining operations was \$1,175,000,000.

THIS sugar industry statistics of Cuba for the last ten years show an average production and export of 650,000 tons, 92 per cent. of which came to the United States.

THE president has issued a proclamation granting the privilege of copyright in this country to the citizens of Great Britain, France, Belgium and Switzerland.

THE monthly cotton report shows that the movement into sight during June was 103,083 bales, exceeding all records for that month. The total amount of cotton crop marketed for the ten months from September to June inclusive was 8,460,215 bales.

IT was decided at a cabinet meeting to extend the 4 1/2 per cent. bonds at 2 per cent.

THE president has appointed William R. Simmons, of Connecticut, commissioner of patents.

THE exchanges at the leading clearing-houses in the United States during the week ended on the 4th aggregated \$1,020,234,451, against \$940,002,019 the previous week. As compared with the corresponding week of 1891 the decrease amounted to 11.2.

THE business failures in the United States during the seven days ended on the 2nd numbered 257, against 231 the preceding week and 200 for the corresponding week of last year.

THE EAST.

AT a Christian church sociable at Brooklyn, N. Y., forty-three persons were poisoned by ice cream and Rev. Mr. Braun, rector of the Episcopal church, and two ladies died and all the others were in a critical condition.

JUSTICE caused John Rausch to kill his sweetheart, Maria Burchett, and then himself at Lawrence, Mass.

THE boiler of an engine near Holy Haven, Pa., exploded, killing Engineer Thomas Tripp, Fireman J. Pope and Brakeman Gallagher and Smith.

THE firm of McBride Bros., ten merchants in New York city, made an assignment with liabilities of \$41,533 and assets of \$188,819.

AT a social affair, shot and mortally wounded Maria Herbig, and then committed suicide in New York.

DR. J. W. WILSON, sentenced John Barclay, the defendant treasurer of Philadelphia, to fifteen years' solitary confinement in the penitentiary and to pay a fine equal to the amount of his embezzlement, which may reach \$250,000.

LAUREL carriers, travelling in New York a statue of the late "Sunset" Cox.

THE death of Hannibal Hamlin, who was vice president of the United States from 1876 to 1881, occurred suddenly at 6:15 p. m. on the 4th at Bangor, Me., of heart disease, aged 81 years. He was a United States senator from 1857 to 1861. In January 1857, he was elected governor of Maine, and a week after his inauguration he was again chosen senator. In 1869 he again took his seat in the senate and remained until 1881, when he retired from public life.

WEST AND SOUTH.

A WIND and rainstorm destroyed many houses and totally destroyed the crops in Madison, Audubon and Shelby counties, Ia. Corn fields were as barren as the road and hay was pounded into the ground. Not a green blade of any sort was left. In some localities the hail was from 8 to 16 inches deep.

IT was said that Sheriff Warfield, of Arkansas City, Ark., was a defaulter to the extent of \$55,000.

CHARLES NEWTON, John Byron and Chas. Shaffer were sealed fatally at Nevada, Pa., by a traction engine going through a bridge.

HENRY BRIDGEMAN, a negro, was hanged at Charlotte, N. C., for the murder of an Italian named Mace on April 11 last. He confessed the crime.

A Kewok, Ia., James M. Love, one of the oldest United States district judges, died at the age of 72 years. He was appointed judge by President Pierce in 1849.

LAI D WASTE BY HAIL.

Farmers in North Dakota have thousands of acres of growing crops killed and to feed a flock of sheep in Iowa and Missouri - Fatal Storms Abroad.

St. PAUL, Minn., July 3.—A terrible hailstorm visited Ransom and Sargent counties, N. D., Thursday afternoon. The storm commenced its work of destruction a short distance southwest of Elliott, Ransom county, and traveled in a southeasterly direction, completely ruining thousands of acres of growing crops. The damage in Sargent and Ransom townships, but a deplorable condition of affairs is reported from Ransom county. The storm varied in width from 4 miles at the starting point to about 1 mile, where it stopped in Ransom township, this county. The hailstones were of large size and covered the ground to a depth of several inches. Among the losses in Ransom county are: Harry Oliver, a merchant, and his wife, and Mr. Church, who lives just across the line from Sargent, in Ransom county. The loss will reach many thousands of dollars. The total loss in Sargent county is placed at 2,500 acres of crops and in Ransom county at \$4,000.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 3.—Dispatches received at Kansas City from Blainston state a heavy rain and windstorm swept over that town Wednesday night and did serious damage. Several houses were blown down and several persons were injured, though not badly. The depot, a large, substantial frame building at Landis station on the Kansas City, Osceola & Southern railway, was blown off its foundation and seriously damaged. The rain was a terrific one and the low lands are covered with water.

WINNEBAGO, Ia., July 3.—Wednesday evening about 4 o'clock a most terrific hailstorm visited the southwestern portion of this county. For a distance of about 5 miles long and 1 to 2 miles wide the crops are totally destroyed. Corn fields are as barren as the road. Hay is pounded into the ground. Not a green blade of any sort is left. In some localities the hail was from 8 to 10 inches deep. Following this was a driving rain and windstorm which added greatly to the disaster.

BOONE, Ia., July 3.—Later reports from the scene of the storm Wednesday night in Audubon and Shelby counties increase the damage to the crops. The hailstorm covered a much larger area than at first supposed and totally ruined many crops of wheat, oats and corn. The track of the storm at Gray, Audubon county, is about half a mile wide and took up everything in its path. No fatalities are reported.

FATAL STORMS ABROAD.

BRITAIN. July 3.—A terrible tornado swept over the Oxford district of English Prussia. In the town of Oxford, Prussia, a hail which had been erected for the purposes of a rifle meeting, together with fifty houses, were destroyed. Many persons have been killed and injured, but how many is not definitely known. Trees, telegraph poles and wires are prostrated, while fences, sign boards, and awnings were hurled through the air with incredible force. Soldiers, policemen and firemen are engaged in removing the debris, and it is feared that the number of those killed will be found to be very great.

THIRTY bodies have already been recovered from the ruins of the wrecked buildings, while many more are undoubtedly still buried in the debris. Immense damage and great loss of life is reported at Siedelton, Rade, Sittard and Brunswick. At the latter place, the streets were filled with wreckage, houses were demolished and others badly damaged, while many thoroughfares are turned into miniature rivers. The hailstones were unusually large and as a consequence it is estimated that 100,000 pines of glass have been broken. The ancient churches seem to have been singled out for the elements upon which to wreak their fury. While not seriously damaged the Church of St. Blaise the patron saint of Brunswick, St. Martins, St. Ulrichs, St. Andrews, and St. Catherine are all more or less injured.

AT Saint Euphrasie, near Graz, the cathedral in Austria, a thunder storm burst over the town with fearful force, sweeping away the eaves of two peasants. Nine were drowned. The effects of the storm were serious in the neighborhood of Suedelton on the roads to Viernon and Sittard. Houses were overturned, trees were uprooted and many cattle were killed, and besides much damage was done to churches and roofs. The total damage is estimated at \$250,000. The inhabitants who took shelter in basements or in open places, especially with slight injuries. At the village of Aurath scarcely a house was spared, forty being totally destroyed and a man being killed. The damage there is estimated at \$25,000. A fund has been started for the relief of the homeless. Volunteers are searching the debris for victims. In the village of the Rhine, the streams generally overflowed, the banks of several destroyed, many vineyards, besides cereals, being destroyed many fugitives, and in their flight who lingered in their flight for a long time.

There were at least thirty-six wounded, and of this number six are expected to die, and the recovery of several of the others is extremely doubtful. The total damage to the penitentiary buildings is estimated at \$250,000.

There were forty prisoners at work in the paint factory at the time of the crash, and of that number six were killed and twenty-two wounded and badly crushed. On the second story of the central floor was the hospital, where twenty sick prisoners lay undergoing medical treatment, of which four were killed and fourteen seriously if not fatally injured.

NEW ORLEANS, July 3.—The tow boat Smokey City from Pittsburgh was stricken by the same storm that did such deadly work at Baton Rouge and was badly damaged. Johnson, towboat, firing 200 lbs. of powder and blowing up. Ten or twelve were wounded.

AT Brookhaven, Miss., a cyclone demolished eleven houses and injured James Hodges, David Reeves, Samuel Chandler and M. C. Davis. At a logging camp one man was killed and three wounded.

AT Madison, Miss., a cyclone demolished a number of houses and injured several people, but no fatalities are reported.

REARER PIERCE and his son who have been prominent in enforcing the prohibition laws at Eldorado, Ia., were mobbed on the night of the 5th, and barely escaped with their lives.

STRIKES FOR BARDSEY.

Philadelphia's Crooked Chamberlain Sentenced to Serve Fifteen Years in Prison and to Pay a Fine Equal to the Amount to the State of His Stealing.

PHILADELPHIA, July 3.—John Bardsey, ex-city treasurer of Philadelphia, was brought into court at 10 a. m. Thursday before Judge Wilson to have sentence passed upon him for the confessed crimes of larceny, speculating with and receiving interest on public funds intrusted to his care as the chief judicial officer of the municipality. The sentence of the court was that he undergo fifteen years' solitary confinement in the Eastern penitentiary and to pay a fine equaling the sum to which he pleaded guilty of misapplying.

The fact that Bardsey would come up for sentence was not generally known, so that when District Attorney Graham arose to address the court he asked that sentence be passed upon the prisoner, there was not more than fifty people in the courtroom. The district attorney spoke but briefly, but in the course of his address he denied Bardsey's contention, made in his statement to the court a week ago, that the ex-treasurer had not misappropriated a dollar. Mr. Graham showed that by Bardsey's own statement he must have at least misappropriated the sum of \$220,000, as that amount was required to be made good by his sureties, according to their bond, to the state and city. Mr. Graham practically admitted that Bardsey's declaration that he placed \$50,000 in the Keystone bank, taking checks for the money, was true, and that the money was deposited in the bank. Although not able as yet to specifically show where the money has gone, Mr. Graham said that Bardsey's checks would amount to between \$100,000 and \$200,000.

Mr. Alexander, counsel for Bardsey, reviewed the statements made by his client and appealed to the court for mercy on the ground of Bardsey's plea of guilty, and his past services to the city. Mr. Alexander said that Bardsey did not get a dollar of the money he put into the Keystone bank and that within six months it would be shown who did. Mr. Alexander vehemently declared that his client had not stolen a dollar, but that he had only pleaded guilty to the state offense of larceny, speculating with and receiving interest on the public funds. Never with his consent, said Mr. Alexander, should the judge commit the case to a jury, and he appealed to the court to testify, but if at any time the district attorney desired any information or assistance his client was willing to aid him.

While his counsel had been speaking Bardsey had sat with bowed head, nervously tracing imaginary lines with the back of a pen upon the table before him. With the exception of his brother-in-law, not one of the hundreds of friends that Bardsey had a year ago were present when he arose to receive the sentence of the court. As Bardsey got up Judge Wilson motioned him to be seated while he delivered the lecture and words of admonition with which a judge usually prefaces his sentences. Judge Wilson's severe words caused Bardsey the most palpable distress. When Judge Wilson spoke of the past friendship between himself and the man awaiting sentence, Bardsey's hand opened and shut convulsively, and his face flushed and paled, and his head sank upon his breast. As Judge Wilson proceeded, and plainly said that he could find no palliation for Bardsey's misfeasance, and that his offense was the more open to censure from his abuse of his official position, the prisoner almost collapsed and seemed about to sink to the floor from his chair. Nevertheless before Judge Wilson had concluded and ordered him to rise and receive his sentence Bardsey had completely regained his composure and received the words that sent him to prison fifteen years with a stoicism that was almost indifference in its utter absence of any emotion. The sentence of Judge Wilson was that Bardsey undergo fifteen years' solitary confinement in the Eastern penitentiary, and that he pay a fine of a sum equal to the amount of his embezzlement arising from the transactions to which he had pleaded guilty.

District Attorney Graham places the deficit at \$250,000, which is \$50,000 more than Bardsey admitted in his own statement. This amount was reduced by payments to be made by his sureties, so the amount of the fine will not be determined until after the examination of the accounts shall be completed.

Bardsey returned to Moyamensing and it is expected he will be taken to the eastern penitentiary Friday, where he will be shaved of his beard and given a striped suit, and thereafter be known by a number.

Judge Wilson was seen after passing sentence on Bardsey relative to the amount of the fine, and said that it would be about \$250,000.

Death of an Aged Physician.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., July 3.—Dr. William Mottram, probably Michigan's oldest practitioner, died here, aged 81, of paralysis. He practiced until last Saturday and was stricken suddenly. Dr. Mottram was a member of the legislature in 1837. He was the author of several successful townships to maintain public libraries, and has always been foremost in public enterprises.

Death of a Prominent Jurist.

KROCK, Ia., July 3.—Judge James M. Krock, judge of the United States court for the southern district of Iowa, died at his home in this city at 7:30 o'clock Thursday evening.

Judge Krock was born in Virginia March 4, 1819. He was the captain of a company in the Third Ohio regiment in the Mexican war. In 1850 he came to Keokuk and February 21, 1856, was appointed judge of the United States district court by President Pierce. In a short time he would have been placed on the retired list.

Appointed by the President.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—President Harrison has appointed William E. Simmons, of Connecticut, commissioner of patents, and John N. Coburn, of Wisconsin, a member of the Columbian commission.

The president has also appointed London Snowden, of Pennsylvania, minister to Greece, Romualdo Servino, of California, minister to Guatemala, and Honduras, Henry L. Arnold, of New York, United States consul at Chillon, Ontario, and Richard Lambert, of California, United States consul at Mazatlan, Mex.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

TOBACCO STATISTICS.

What the Figures Furnished by the Census Office Show.

The census office has given out the tobacco statistics of Wisconsin. The total number of planters in the state during the census year was 4,341; the total area devoted to tobacco, 17,211 acres; the total product, 19,399,166 pounds; and the value of the crop to the producers, estimated on basis of actual sales, \$1,240,365. The following are the figures by counties, excluding those producing less than 2,000 pounds each:

COUNTIES.	Area.	Product.	Value.
Brown	4	2,765	415
Chippewa	2	2,150	321
Columbia	201	56,123	41,891
Dodge	47	50,822	31,615
Douglas	92	100,319	56,785
Franklin	8	7,500	470
Grant	2	2,150	321
Green	213	37,701	17,723
Jefferson	9	8,000	849
Juneau	2	2,150	321
La Crosse	65	69,415	41,891
Lake	5	6,400	100
Lewis	6	2,853	253
Lincoln	6	5,222	527
Manitowish	12	18,315	1,072
Marathon	6	6,313	325
Menomonie	6	12,355	1,062
Richmond	1	7,100	107
Sauk	5,291	6,313	12,170
Sauk	4	3,650	213
Verona	234	48,750	29,310
Waushara	1	2,150	321
Waushara	6	8,000	849
Winnebago	3	1,000	349
Other counties	19	7,772	595
Total	1,211	10,398,166	\$1,240,365

ANTI-PROHIBITIONISTS.

They Meet at Janesville and Select Officers for the Year.

At the annual session in Janesville of the Anti-Prohibition society it was declared that prohibitory laws had proved a failure, no state or community ever having been legislated into morality. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, E. C. Read; vice presidents, at large, Peter Barth, Milwaukee; First district, C. Deaneberry, Janesville; Second, J. Brecht, Waterville; Third, E. Engler, Brookfield; Fourth, M. Seligman, Milwaukee; Fifth, John Walker, Port Washington; Sixth, Theodor Kretschmer, Janesville; Seventh, Nicholas Fox, Eau Claire; Eighth, C. R. Egan, Appleton; Ninth, E. Greenleaf, Antigo; Tenth, T. E. Senn, and Superior; recording secretary, Jacob (last) district secretary, John Brecht; treasurer, R. Kiewer.

A Brilliant Light Gone Out.

William Croston, who ten years ago was recognized as one of the most brilliant young criminal lawyers in Wisconsin, died at St. Mary's hospital in Racine of delirium tremens. Croston was at one time district attorney for the Racine district and when but 22 years old he had a very lucrative practice. Elated by success he took to drink, and had been a physical wreck for the past eight years.

Killed by Falling Walls.

A terrible accident occurred at the Fifth ward school building in Janesville, resulting in the death of three men, Patrick Hargrave, John Flaherty and Richard K. Benowitz. The men were at work tearing down the old building preparatory to clearing the ground for its new building when the walls fell in, burying the men. All three were taken from the wreck dead.

Shortened Their Sentences.

Graham and McDonald, two burglars, whose cases were taken before the state supreme court and then to the United States supreme court, where their sentences were revoked, were sentenced by Circuit Judge Parish at Ashland. They were given ten years each at Wausau, commencing June 8, 1891, which shortened their former sentences by four years.

Island So Lost.

Upon request of the secretary of war and the approval of the secretary of the interior, President Harrison has ordered that Island No. 105, near La Crosse, shall be reserved for uses in connection with the improvement of the upper Mississippi river.

The News Continued.

Arthur Lusk, of Fond du Lac, was drowned while bathing in Racine lake.

Dr. James H. Thompson, for many years a leading physician in Milwaukee, died suddenly the other evening.

Senator Philo S. Sawyer has presented a check for \$1,000 to pay for the indebtedness on the new observatory at Lawrence university in Appleton.

Gettred Hunk, of Milton, is suing the town for \$25,000 damages for injuries received on a defective sidewalk.

A 3-year-old daughter of Mrs. Randall was choked to death at Lynxville by swallowing beans.

Farmers in Dane county say that the crop prospects at present are fine and that the greatest harvest known for years is promised.

Col. H. S. Benjamin, an ex-governor, took the poor man's oath in Milwaukee in order to escape obligations.

Mrs. Cora Erickson, wife of a farmer living near Eau Claire, disappeared, and her husband found her living in a hotel in Eau Claire with one James McBride.

Mrs. Maude Hill, the woman supposed to be afflicted with leprosy, died at her home in Buffalo county at the age of 61.

Dr. Isaac Lee, Nicholson, of Philadelphia, has announced his intention to accept the bishopric of the Milwaukee diocese, to succeed the late Bishop C. E. Knight.

AT Mazomanie the Mazomanie Milling Company and Bronson, Draper & Co., bankers, failed. Both concerns were allied, and the recent drop in the price of flour was said to have caused the disasters.

George B. Shaw, the supreme chancellor of the Knights of Pythias, has rendered a decision to the effect that the power to excommunicate saton keepers and bartenders.

Charles Meyer, a Janesville burglar, was sent to Wausau for two years for larceny.

Clarence Becker, a lad 17 years old, was drowned in Rock river near Janesville. His body was recovered in half an hour.

Congressman Barwig has appointed John E. Schwabach, the son of Frank Schwabach, of Germantown, as a naval ensign.

ON THE BRIDAL TRIP.

A Few Suggestions for the Benefit of the Young Wife.

A bride's first lesson to learn on the bridal trip is to respect the extreme sensitiveness of her husband, who doesn't want people to know he has just been married; consequently she will be wise if, after her first journey, she assumes a gown that has been worn; if she will forget to look around in a startled manner whenever her husband is gone from her side, as it is not likely that he is either going to be lost or stolen.

The next thing for her to learn is that no matter how fond she may be of her husband, she should reserve all manifestations of this for their own apartment, and that nothing but hand, kissing him before people or putting her head on his shoulder really and truly become indeed when alone in public. A man can show a woman very much affection, and a woman can show him understanding her love for him without their laying themselves open to be made a jest and a byword for their traveling companions.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.
RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

FARMER MORRISON'S WIFE.

Down at the farmhouse below the hill,
The bluffs were steep, and the wheat was still.

The view of the stream and the blue sky's
The preacher's voice alone,

Where, by the open door, he stood,
And talked to the gathering neighborhood.

Of earth and heaven, and the grave between,
The visible world and the world unseen—

Glancing aside, with solemn air,
To the dead who lay in their cold there

Every breath of the soft May breeze
Shook the blossoming blue trees,

And sent a quiver of light and bloom
Into the hushed and darkened room.

It touched with a gleam the shadowed wall,
It flickered over the funeral pall.

And cheered about the tremulous head
Of the nearest mourner beside the dead—

Farmer Morrison, old and gray,
Heard no less for many a day.

Up and down, with a dull surprise,
Restlessly wandered his sunken eyes.

Feeling, it seemed, in that crowded place,
The one familiar missing face.

"The face that, alone and set, lay hid
Just out of sight beneath the coffin lid.

Never a day, till the day she died,
Had the wife been gone from her husband's side.

Thus were the words uttered soft,
The helpful taken, the helpless left.

And the preacher spoke to the people there
Of the Will divine, in his simple prayer;

The Lord, who giveth and taketh away,
Trusted to the name of the Lord for aye!

Now, when the last man was said,
And the mourners rose to follow the dead,

Farmer Morrison, gaunt and tall,
Stood up straight in the sight of all.

Suddenly steady of eye and limb,
While the people gazed aghast at him.

He laid his hand on the coffin lid,
He stooped to kiss the face that hid.

Then, spent with that one strong, sudden
breath,

His latest utterance went out in death,
"The way of the Lord man may not reach."

And the preacher said, in his solemn speech:
"The way of the Lord man may not reach."

"Lad, he hath given and taken again!
Trusted to the name of the Lord! Amen!"

"Kate Putnam Osgood, in New England Magazine.

OVER-THE-WAY.

What Brought Two Sad But Loving
Hearts Together.

Over-the-Way—queer name for a
woman, isn't it? It was big Jim Gray.

He's a telegraph operator on a morning
newspaper—who gave her the name.

Of course we found out her real
name afterward, but none of us at

first. Smith's ever spoke of her except
as Over-the-Way. It was at the break-

fast table—where we were all sitting
and the breakfast hour at Mrs. Smith's

is noon—and Jim sits where he can
look out of the window. Miss Elliott

she "shows society" on another morn-
ing paper and is quite vivacious—

noticed that Jim was neglecting his plate
of buckwheat cakes and staring with

all his eyes across the street. Now, Jim
is a master-hand at buckwheat

cakes, and Miss Elliott, having a
reputation for vivacity to sustain,

was perfectly justified in remark-
ing that Mr. Gray did not seem quite

himself. We laughed, as in politeness
banned, and that brought Jim back.

He got up and made a flourish with
his napkin and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: It now
gives me great pleasure to present to you

the neighbor we have long been
expecting—Over-the-Way."

We were so interested that we got
right up from the breakfast table and

crowded to the windows. Even that
reserved and serene Elizabeth Hawkins

she's a telephone girl and I suppose
she's justified in having a poor

opinion of mankind and trying to get
even out of office hours—forgot her

dignity for once and was as interested
as anybody. You see, the workmen

had been busy on a little cottage right
across the street for two months or

more. We didn't pay any particular
attention to it until they began to put

in a second-story bay window that was
almost as big as the rest of the cottage.

After that, bay window had done duty
as a family joke for two or three

weeks we felt to wondering what sort
of people had built it and who would

occupy such a funny little house. Handsome Harry Roberts—he's a win-

dow dresser in a big State street dry
goods store and a great hand with the

girls said he knew some woman was
responsible for that window and hoped

she would be good looking; it would
be a pity to spoil such a fine window.

Whereupon dear old Miss Brooks—
she's nice looking even if she is forty

and has come down from better days to
her present condition—said that young

man who had no eyes for anything but a
pretty woman sometimes came to

grief. The graceless Harry responded
that a homely woman was a real

grief and a pretty one a joy forever.
Here the scamp looked back at Elizabeth

Hawkins. Elizabeth Hawkins looked
back at Harry, and I thought she was

going to say: "Blessy! what's your
number?" And John Berry—he's some

sort of an editor and doesn't say much,
being as reserved as Elizabeth Hawkins

and peculiar like—saw Harry and

said:

Well, as I was saying, we had many
a discussion over that little cottage,

and finally came to feel a sense of
propriety in what we called "Over-

the-Way." So you see it was a great
day for us when Over-the-Way herself

appeared.

To be sure, there wasn't much to see
when we did get to the window—just a

big transfer wagon loaded with new
furniture, an express wagon heaped

high with household belongings, two
drivers, an old negro woman with a

gorgeous turban, and a dear little woman
in a smart jacket and a wide-

brimmed hat.

Harry Roberts declared he was simply
perishing for exercise and fresh air

and put on his overcoat and started
past the cottage. He came back and

reported that the little woman was a
beauty; in fact, he grew quite eloquent

over her charms. And then, of course,
we had to talk it all over—whether she

was married, and if she was, where
was her husband, and if she wasn't,

was she going to live all alone with the
old colored man, and so on.

Over-the-Way was evidently a cap-

able little body, for she had the furni-

ture in and the house to rights in no

time. And the way old Aunt Amanda

—that's the name we gave to the col-

ored woman and her turban—made

things fly moved Mrs. Smith to wish

with tears in her voice that the days of

slavery were back again.

But though the next was ready no

male bird appeared. After a week had

gone by we called the man Over-the-

Way as we waited for him. We knew there

was a "him" by the way she flew to

meet the postman and fairly begged

the letter when she got one, and kind

of dropped when she didn't. And there

was mighty few days when she

dropped, too. But his absence didn't

seem to bother Over-the-Way a bit.

She was busy morning and night fixing

up the cottage for him. The big bay-

window was evidently the pride of her

life. Every afternoon she'd put on a

pretty homeliness, snuggle down in a

big armchair right in the middle of it,

and read over her letters. Harry Rob-

erts thought it was all for her benefit

until he found, after her repeated trials,

that she had no eyes for him except to

find his glances and attitudes a subject

for mirth. And then one day we found

out why it was she had no eyes for

Harry or any other man—except one.

It was the second Sunday. Just be-

fore dinner time—her dinner time—

and she was in the window as usual.

But she had on a new dress, and to save

her she couldn't sit still in her chair

more than thirty seconds at a time. All

of a sudden she clapped her hands and

gave a little jump, and kissed her hand

to somebody we couldn't see, and ran

from the window. And then a minute

or two later she came back, and then

young fellow was sitting across the

street and ran up the steps. The front

door swung open with a bang, and Over-

the-Way had him by the arm and was

dragging him inside in a second. Then

she let go of him in a hurry and ran in

quicker than she came out. If she

hadn't she'd have been kissing right

there on the front porch in plain sight

of everybody.

We knew they'd show up in the big

bay window sooner or later. And sure

enough, just after dinner, they came in

sight. She was clinging to his arm and

just dancing on her toes she was so

happy. And just as she was right in

the middle of telling him how fine it

was she discovered us at the window.

We could almost see her young hus-

band straighten up and look

across at her. But John Berry rose to the

occasion nobly. He had his overcoat

and hat on—he was just going out—and

he took off his hat and made a bow, re-

spectful and friendly-like, as much as

to say: "We're glad to see you, sir."

And we women clapped our hands and

smiled, as much as to say: "We're glad

his name at last." And then Over-the-

Way and her husband saw it was all

right and they smiled and bowed.

Over-the-Way patted him on the arm,

as much as to say: "Here he is, isn't

he nice?" And the young husband put

his arm around Over-the-Way and

her a little high right before our eyes,

as much as to say: "It's all right

now. I'll make up for lost time,"

and then we came away from the win-

dows.

Young Mr. Over-the-Way—we found

out afterward that in public life he was

a traveling salesman for a big drug

firm—said three days. Then he went

away. And Over-the-Way went up

into her bay window and bravely

kissed her hand to him till he turned

the corner. Then she dropped down

into her big armchair and turned its

broad back to us.

He was gone two weeks, and they

were long weeks for Over-the-Way.

day he announced that he guessed Over-

the-Way would begin to pack up before

long; she had pretty much finished her

sewing.

A few mornings after that there was

news. We women all knew it long be-

fore breakfast time and John Berry

and the other men were told by Mrs.

Smith when they came down. The

bulletin committee was a little late

and we were all at breakfast when he

appeared. The moment he entered the

room he said he was sure that Over-the-

Way was ill when he got home every-

thing was ablaze with light and there

was a doctor's platoon in front of the

house. We could see for ourselves that

the bay window shades were down.

"Umph," said Mrs. Smith. "Is that

all you have to tell us?"

"Why, what's happened?"

"Over-the-Way has a visitor."

"So he's back at last, is he? Well,

it's time."

"I wish her husband was here; it's a

dear little girl."

"Good Lord," said Jim.

Nobody laughed right then, but a

minute later, when Miss Elliott made

one of her vivacious remarks, every-

body roared—except Jim. Even John

Berry and Elizabeth Hawkins, who

were looking powerfully grim, had to

laugh. Things got out so in a boarding

house. We all knew that he had pro-

posed and she had said no.

Just as we were getting through

breakfast John Berry gave a groan at

the window and turned to us with his

face working and his lips trembling.

He couldn't speak; just pointed across

the street.

Old Aunt Amanda was tying a long

streamer of white crepe to the door

knob.

"Over-the-Way's dead," said she out

in a strained whisper.

"White for little children," said

Mrs. Smith. "It's Over-the-Way's lit-

tle baby. O dear! O dear!" And the

good woman burst out sobbing. Some

of us were much better off for that

matter.

So it happened that when we made

our first call across the street, John

Berry and Mrs. Smith went. Mrs.

Smith went in, but John peered up

and went in front of the house. Elizabeth

Hawkins never took her eyes off him.

She was as pale as a ghost and yet she

didn't look exactly unhappy either.

By and by they came back. As soon

as they came in John took out a roll of

money and dropped a bill in his hat.

"Flowers," said he, and looked around

as much as to ask if anybody wanted

to follow suit. We all put in some-

thing. Elizabeth Hawkins put in a

dollar. I knew she had saved it to buy

some Sunday gloves. After John had

gone out Mrs. Smith told us how she

had talked with the poor young mother

in the darkened room and how the lit-

tle baby was to be buried the next day

and how John was to see to everything

and go to the cemetery, and how the

little coffin was to be put in the vault

and kept till the father got home.</

Lewis Hardware Company, RHINELANDER.

ACORN STOVES AND RANGES.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF MILL AND LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES IN THE CITY.

A Complete Assortment of Belting, Packing and Lacing. Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Etc.

Next Door to Postoffice.

THE OCTOBER

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDOCK.

boy, to watch the slumbering child. It was six years after the death of Olympia when the stern father's heart first recoiled to his orphan child.

He would see her—even though the spirit of his lost Olympia seemed to rise from the grave, and gaze at him, out of the eyes of Camilla. The little girl was asleep upon a grassy bank.

She awoke at the sound of the Spaniard's footstep, and uttered a scream of terror.

"The loneliness of her life had made her timid."

"You are not frightened at me, are you, Camilla?"

"No."

"Yes, you screamed when I first saw you! It is a strange welcome for your father, Camilla."

"Father? Are you my father?"

"Yes, my Camilla, will you love me?"

"I will try," answered the child quietly. Don Juan clasped his child close to his breast.

"I have a playfellow here," said the child, pointing to the young negro.

"Tristan is no fit playfellow for my little Camilla. Tristan is a slave."

The young negro heard every word.

"A slave!" he muttered, as Don Juan led the child toward the house.

"A slave! Yes, I have been told that often enough!"

A week after this, Camilla, the nurse, Popple, Zarah, and the boy, Tristan, were removed to the Villa Morquitos, in the suburbs of New Orleans.

Camilla was now under the care of a governess, a French woman, Madame Pauline Cora. This lady took no pleasure in the duties of her position, but she was in the depth of the brief winter when the brother-in-law of Don Juan Morquitos arrived at the villa.

He was the only surviving relative of the Spaniard's dead wife, her older brother, Don Juan, who had been killed by his friend, Don Juan. His name was Tomaso Cavello.

He had come from Mexico on a tour through the United States, and had arrived at New Orleans, Louisiana.

Yes, the land of death was upon him! Three days after he expired in the arms of his brother-in-law.

Half an hour before he died he became conscious, and implored Don Juan to send for an attorney. It was necessary that he should make a will.

The attorney sent for by the Spaniard was no other than Silas Craig.

On the reading of the will it was found that Don Tomaso had left his entire fortune to his brother-in-law, Don Juan.

But Don Tomaso had not come to the villa alone. He had brought a boy—about six years of age. He was named Paul.

This Paul was a handsome boy. None knew whence he came, or who he was.

Camilla was the only one from whom he would take comfort.

"My child, come hither," said the Spaniard, one day, addressing Paul.

"Tell me your proper name—besides Paul!"

"They call me Paul Lishmon."

"Lishmon is a slave!"

"Do you remember your mother?"

"She died when I was a baby, and I always lived with my father, Don Tomaso."

"Do not fear, my child, your future will be my care," said Paul Lishmon, who was brought up in the household of the Spaniard. Camilla and Paul taking lessons side by side, from Madame Pauline Cora.

Bill Bowen was at the house of Silas Craig precisely at six o'clock.

After dinner Silas and the visitor retired to the lawyer's private office.

"Now we are alone. Mr. Bowen, what want you?"

"A thousand dollars."

"I gave you a thousand—"

"The day after yesterday, Leslie's partner, Philip Trevorton died."

"Come, come, Bowen, don't excite yourself," said Silas. "You shall have the money."

"Listen to what people say of Mr. Trevorton's death! Look at his family at play; he could not pay up; he was killed by a stranger, and stabbed in a kind of duel, the murderer's party carrying off the body. A fortnight afterward the body was found in the Mississippi; the fact could not be recognized, but from papers found in the pocket, the corpse was known to be that of Trevorton. The police failed to discover the murderer. On Gerald Leslie's return from Europe, he examined the papers of his late partner, which had been sealed up. That for which Leslie looked most anxiously was a certain document, the receipt for one hundred thousand dollars, paid to Mr. Silas Craig, attorney and money-lender. He did not find it."

"You shall have the money, William!"

"I ain't in a hurry," replied Bowen. "Now I want to take a squint at what ever lies behind yonder ramp." Silas suppressed a half-muttered oath, but reluctantly touched the spring. A door flew back. They entered a long, narrow passage. At its end was a window having a view of a large gambling saloon!

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY a month had elapsed since the arrival of the Virginia in the harbor of New Orleans, and still Adelaide Horton and Cora Leslie had not met.

The young couple, generous-hearted as she was, had never felt the same affection for her school-fellow since the fatal revelation made by Silas Craig. It was in vain that the generosity of her nature would have combated with the prejudices of her education; pride of caste was the stronger, and she could not but despise Cora, the lovely descendant of slaves. In the meantime the two girls had ceased to meet.

The nature of Adelaide Horton was capricious and volatile, and in a few days, she had almost dismissed Cora's image from her memory.

Indolent, like all creoles, Adelaide spent the greater part of her days in a rocking-chair, reading a novel, while fanned by her favorite slave, Myra. Mortimer Percy was, as we know, by no means the most attentive of lovers, although living in the same house as that occupied by his fair cousin. He saw her but seldom, and then evinced an indifference and listlessness which often wounded the sensitive girl.

"How weary and careless he is," she thought, "how different to Gilbert Margrave, the artist, the poet, the enthusiastic!"

Alas, Adelaide, beware of that love which is given without return! Beware of the bitter humiliation of finding that he whom you have secretly admired and revered—the whose image you have set upon the altar of your heart, and have worshipped in the solitude of silence and of dreaming—that even he, the idol, the beloved, looks on you with indifference, while another aspires the earnest devotion of his post soul!

Adelaide Horton had ample time for indulgence in those waking dreams, which are often so dangerous. A school-girl, young, romantic and lively, ignorant of the harsh ways of the world, she built fair castles in the air—ideal palaces in a lovely dreamland, which were only too soon to be shattered to the ground.

Gilbert Margrave came to New Orleans armed with those brilliant schemes of inventions in machinery, which might, as he fondly hoped, supersede slave labor, though not militating against the employment of the many.

He came well furnished with letters of introduction from powerful men in England to the planter and merchant of New Orleans; but though he met with much politeness and hospitality, the Louisianians shunned their shoulders and shook their heads when he revealed his opinions and tried to win their approval of his plans. They looked upon the handsome young engineer with a feeling something akin to pity. He was an enthusiast, and like all enthusiasts, no doubt a little of a madman.

One of the first houses at which Gilbert Margrave presented himself, was that of Augustus Horton. He found Adelaide and her aunt alone in their favorite morning room; one lounging in her rocking-chair, the other, as usual, busy at an embroidery frame.

The young man looked very pretty in his house and wearing morning robe of India muslin, richly trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and peach-colored ribbons. Her hair was arranged in clusters of short ringlets, which trembled in the sweetest of curls, and through the Venetian blinds of the window.

As the name of Gilbert Margrave was announced, the animated girl sprang from her easy-chair, and, flinging down her book ran forward to receive the long-looked-for visitor.

"At last!" she exclaimed. "I was sure you would come, but I have looked out for you so anxiously—I mean we all have," she added, blushing.

"A thousand thanks for your kind welcome, Miss Horton. Believe me, your house is one of the very first to which I have directed my steps."

"How good of you to remember us?"

"Say, rather, how selfish," replied Gilbert. "Do you think it is no happiness, in a foreign country, to find one circle at least here who are not strangers?"

"Say, Mr. Margrave," said Mrs. Mortimer, "will you not call us a circle of friends?"

"But pray sit down," exclaimed Adelaide, pointing to a low chair near a stand of perfumed essences in the corner of the room, and told us all your adventures by land and sea, especially the latter, and how you have survived the hair-breadth escapes and ventures of the brig Adelaide."

Gilbert Margrave told, in a few words, the particulars of his voyage, which had been a rapid and a pleasant one; "so rapid a passage," he continued with a smile, "that I trust I am yet in time to assist at the wedding of Miss Horton and my old friend Mortimer Percy."

A shade of vacation crossed Adelaide's pretty face.

"I really do not see," she said, "why all the world should be in such a hurry for this marriage. There is surely time enough to allow of thinking it is the best of becoming an old maid, or else that everybody was desirous of getting rid of me."

"I do not think there is much fear of either contingency," replied Gilbert, laughing.

"The truth is, Mr. Margrave," said Mrs. Mortimer, "that my dear Adelaide is a spoiled child, and because her cousin happens to be a very sensible, high-principled young man, but not exactly a hero of romance, she thinks herself called upon to affect a contempt for him. But I know her better than she knows herself, and I am certain that, at the bottom of her heart, she cherishes a very sincere affection for Mortimer."

"How can you know what's at the bottom of my heart, when I don't know myself?" said Adelaide, impatiently. "Upon my word I think no girl was ever so cruelly used as I have been. Other people make up a marriage for me, other people tell me whom I love, when I ought to know a great deal better than they do. It's really shameful!"

If the real cause of Adelaide's indignation could have been known, it would have been discovered that her anger was not so much aroused against her aunt as against Gilbert Margrave, for the influence of her cousin, which he had spoken of her approaching marriage.

Anxious to quell the storm, of which he little knew himself to be the cause, the young engineer endeavored to turn the conversation, and in order to do so, he asked a question which had been troubling on his lips from the very first.

"Your friend, Miss Leslie," he said, "the star of your farewell assembly—was often seen here, I suppose, Miss Horton?"

Gilbert Margrave little knew that this very question had led to the storm already raging in the breast of the impetuous girl.

"I have never seen Cora Leslie since our arrival in New Orleans," she answered calmly.

"Indeed? But I thought you such intimate friends. Miss Leslie—she is not ill, I hope?"

His evident anxiety about Cora terribly irritated Adelaide Horton.

"That question," cannot answer, I know nothing whatever of Miss Leslie; for, I repeat, we have not met since we reached America."

"May I ask why this is so, Miss Horton?"

"Because Cora Leslie is no fit associate for the daughter of Edward Horton."

The blood rushed in a crimson torrent to the face of the young engineer. He started from his seat as if he had been shot.

"In my name, Miss Horton," he exclaimed, "what would you insinuate? Surely nothing against the honor of—"

"Insinuate nothing, Mr. Margrave," answered Adelaide. "I simply tell you that—the person of whom you speak is no companion for whatever friend-ship once existed between us is henceforth forever at an end—Cora Leslie is a slave."

A sinking sensation had risen to the throat of the young engineer during this speech. Embittered anguish had possessed him at the thought that he was perhaps to hear of some stain upon the character of Cora. What, then, was his relief at finding how much he had wronged her purity, even by that fear?

"A slave!" he repeated.

"I often heard her dwell in her veins. She has never been emancipated; she is, therefore, as much a slave as the negroes upon her father's plantation."

"I was led to believe something to this effect on the very night of your aunt's ball in Grosvenor Square, Miss Horton. So far from this circumstance bespeaking my respect for Miss Leslie, I feel that it is rather exalted thereby into a sentiment of reverence."

"Your opinion is rather quaint," Mr. Margrave replied Adelaide, with a smile. "I and I for you will find yourself almost in no painful a position as the Spanish knight, if you venture to make them known in New Orleans."

"Whatever danger I may incur of being either ridiculed or persecuted, I shall never conceal my detestation of prejudice and tyranny, and my sympathy with the weak and the wronged."

"Horton me, if I speak warmly on this subject, Miss Horton; it is not to be supposed that you and I should think alike. We represent the opposite sides of the Atlantic."

"Say, Mr. Margrave," replied Adelaide, whose long outburst of anger had passed like a thunder cloud in a sunny sky, "it is I who should ask pardon. I fear I am a passionate and heartless creature, but I cannot help feeling some indignation against Mr. Leslie for the cheat he has put on us."

Adelaide Horton scarcely dared own to herself that it was jealousy of Gilbert's evident partiality for Cora, rather than anger against the young girl herself, which had been the cause of her cruel words.

Augustus Horton entered the room at this moment, and Adelaide presented her brother to the young engineer.

There was little sympathy between Gilbert Margrave and the planter of New Orleans. Augustus had never owned the Southern States, except on the occasion of one or two brief visits to New York. His ideas were narrow, his prejudices deeply rooted. He was by no means free from the views of his fellow-creatures, he was known to frequent the exclusive circles, in spite of the few proscriptions for their suppression, still existed in New Orleans; but he was known, also, to be prudent, even in the midst of his disaffection, and never to have jeopardized the splendid estate left him by his father.

But not only is an universal virtue with the creoles, and Augustus bade the young engineer a hearty welcome to his home.

They conversed for some time on indifferent subjects, and Gilbert, having received an invitation to dinner for the following day, was about to take his leave, when he was prevented by the entrance of the slave, Myra.

The girl approached her mistress with an embarrassed manner, and to her, she said, "What is the matter, Myra?"

"What are you standing there for? Why don't you speak?"

"Oh, if you please, massa," stammered the girl, "there is a young person below the stairs to see my mistress, and she called herself Miss Leslie."

"Could Leslie's daughter here?" exclaimed Augustus. "This is too much. This is what her father exposes us to in not making this girl her real position."

"That is to be done," asked Adelaide, turning pale.

"Can you ask?" replied her brother. "Surely there is but one course. I will ask Myra here," he added, pointing to the young quadroon. "Tell me, girl, what do you think of this young person?"

"Why, massa, I—thought in spite of the whiteness of her skin, she must be a slave."

"Of the same rank as yourself; is it not so?"

"Yes, massa."

"Very well, then; do you think it possible that your mistress could receive her as a visitor—as an equal?"

"Oh, no, massa!" exclaimed the girl. "That is enough. You can let her know this."

Myra hesitated, and was about to leave the room, when Gilbert Margrave arrested her by an imperious motion of his hand.

"Stay!" he exclaimed. "Pardon me, Mr. Horton, if I presume to say that this must be so. I had the honor of meeting Miss Leslie once, at the house of a friend of your aunt. Permit me, therefore, to spare her an insult which I should feel myself abashed in tolerating. Allow me to carry your answer to Miss Leslie."

"You sit," exclaimed Augustus Horton.

"Oh, pardon me, Mr. Horton, if I appear to make a bad return for the kind welcome you were so ready to offer to a stranger; but remember that the customs and prejudices of the South are new to me, and forgive me if I say that this conduct, which on your part would be only natural, would become on mine an abominable cowardice."

"Mr. Leslie's daughter here?" exclaimed Augustus.

Before he could say more Gilbert Margrave had bowed deferentially to the ladies, and to the angry planter himself.

"Oh, it is too true," he replied, "I have said."

"And even if he does," said her aunt, "what difference can it possibly make to Miss Adelaide Horton that is—"

"Miss Mortimer Percy that is to be?"

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of which were composed the massive vase, filled with the most blossoms. A flower garden, in exquisite order, surrounded the pavilion, while, exactly opposite the veranda, a rustic table and some garden chairs were placed beneath the luxuriant shade of a banana tree.

Scarcely had the steps leading from the public hall to a dog who listens for the footstep of his beloved master, the slave Toby might have been seen on the day following that on which Cora had paid her unwelcome visit at the house of Augustus Horton.

The young girl was at his office in New Orleans, whose business often detained him when the best wishes of his heart would have kept him by his daughter's side.

The summer afternoon was hot and sunny, and the windows were closed. The slave seemed to be listening eagerly for some sound within.

"All is silent," he said, sorrowfully; "that pretty bird sings no more. What has happened? Something, I know. I saw her hand and foot, when she returned from New Orleans yesterday, that all was not well with the sweet young mistress. The sorrows of those who love cannot escape the old eyes of poor Toby."

At this moment a light footstep sounded behind him, and Cora Leslie emerged from the pavilion.

The young girl was dressed in the thinnest white muslin, which floated round her graceful figure as a soft vapory cloud in a summer sky. She was pale, and her magnificent shoulders, dimpled with the indentations of her large black eyes, she descended the marble steps slowly, without perceiving the faithful slave who had risen at her approach, and who stood aside regarding her earnestly.

"The Cora is sad," he said, presently; "will she forgive the poor slave if he prostrate himself before her?"

She started at the sound of the muffled voice, and turning toward him held out her hand silently.

Toby took the little hand in his and pressed it to his lips.

"Miss Cora does not deny that she is sad," he repeated.

"Not so much sad, Toby, as bewitched," replied the young girl. "My reception at the house of my old school-fellow, and my meeting with you, my poor Toby, what could be the meaning of Adelaide Horton's conduct?"

"Forgive me, Miss Cora, if I remind you that your father particularly requested you not to leave the house during his absence."

"I know, Toby, I know. But why that request? Why am I a prisoner here? Why is my father's manner more indicative of sorrow than joy at my return to Louisiana? Why, on my first visit to the house of my youth, do I find the door shut in my face?"

"But the English gentleman who conducted you home explained the reason of that Miss Cora?"

"No, Toby; Mr. Margrave endeavored to explain, but doing so he only rendered me more confused. There is some secret in all this. Some mystery that—"

The sound which arrested Cora's attention was the trampling of a horse's hoofs upon the carriage drive below the terrace.

"Hullo!" cried a voice from the same direction. "Hullo, there! Is there any one to hold my horse?"

"A visitor!" exclaimed Cora.

"It is Mr. Augustus Horton," said Toby, leaning out to hasten the visitor.

"Adelaide's brother! Then I will see him."

"But in your father's absence, Miss Cora," murmured the slave, anxiously. "I will see him," repeated Cora. "He may come to see an explanation—Hullo! it is every one asleep here!"

"Coming, massa," answered Toby, running down the terrace steps.

Three minutes afterward Augustus Horton made his appearance in the flower garden, where Cora awaited him. He bowed carelessly to the young girl without raising his hat, but fixing upon her lovely face a gaze of ardent admiration.

He carried a light riding-whip in his hand, and was smoking a cigar, which he did not remove from his mouth.

"Miss Cora Leslie, I presume?" he said.

Cora bowed.

"Mr. Leslie is not at home, I understand?"

"I am expecting his return at any moment, Mr. Horton," answered Cora.

Something in the planter's familiar manner, and in his ardent gaze filled the young girl with indignant surprise, and she looked at him with a glance of astonishment as he flung a sealed packet upon the table, and seated himself, with out invitation, in one of the rustic chairs.

"I have some papers to restore to your father," he said; "but that is not the whole of my visit. My sister told me that you were lovely. Miss Leslie, but I now perceive that in such a case a woman never tells more than half the truth."

Cora had remained standing during this speech. She now seated herself in the chair opposite to that taken by the young planter, and said, calmly:

"Pardon me, Mr. Horton; but I am obliged that the object of your visit here—"

"Was to reply to the letter addressed by you to my sister, Adelaide? Yes, Miss Leslie, that letter told me that Mr. Margrave had not properly acquainted himself of the commission which he undertook."

"How so, sir?"

"My sister's request not being able to receive you yesterday, and I should have shared those regrets, had she not chosen me to bring you her excuses."

"It is not an excuse which I require, Mr. Horton, but an explanation," replied Cora, with a smile.

Augustus shrugged his shoulders.

"What further explanation can you require, Miss Leslie," he said; "the preparations of her approaching marriage? A little touch of headache, perhaps? Is not this sufficient to explain all?"

"No, sir, it is not. Because I would rather hear the truth, bitter as that truth may be, than these discourteous mockeries which put me to the rack. Mr. Percy's opposition to my return to America, my father's emotion on beholding me, and lastly, your sister's extraordinary conduct of yesterday—all these prove to me that some terrible mystery overshadows me; a mystery of which I am ignorant, but which I am determined to discover."

"Say, Miss Leslie, what is that you would seek to know? Why not be content to reign by your grace and beauty? For the faculty of which you speak can cast no cloud upon your loveliness; and even the jealousy of our wives and sisters cannot rob you of your sovereignty."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"And yet I endeavored to make myself understood. Ah, Miss Leslie! we are all strangers, newly met within the walls of the Creole's house, and a southern clime, and our passions are gigantic as the palms which wave above your head—rapid in growth as the lilacs of which were composed the massive vase, filled with the most blossoms. A flower garden, in exquisite order, surrounded the pavilion, while, exactly opposite the veranda, a rustic table and some garden chairs were placed beneath the luxuriant shade of

THE TRUNDLE-BED VALLEY.

I know a little valley, in among the mountains, where a trundle-bed for Nature's babes with grass green coverlet, All buttoned down 'till tufts, as all trimmed with daisies, lie on a bed of moss. A crib for Nature's child, like me to toddle to and fro.

I love to watch the coverlet sewed with the fly's stitch. As the trout brook is its kind that carries away its foam. When the brook is too heavy for my heart and I feel choice down my throat, I seek my trundle-bed.

Four big mountains are its bedposts, and down through its awning high The sun shines like a broad plate in the bosom of the sky. As it shines so warm and gloriously where my coverlet is spread. That I don't need any candle when I seek my trundle-bed.

Mother Nature loves her children, so the good of soul has spread Tiger-tongued bed-quits over my big trundle-bed. As to give her fretful youngster no excuse for being cross. She has stuffed a lazy pillow with the softest kind of moss.

So, when I'm torn and tired, do my weary foot-steps tread Up the purple-flower valley to my little trundle-bed. Mother Nature bends her face down, and she seems to love me so. That I rise and toddle bravely all the way I have to go.

—S. W. Fess, in Yankee Blade.

A NOVEL DEFENSE.

How a Frightened Girl Saved the China Bank.

Y ES, it was rather a novel defense, and the strangest part of it is that she never thought of using it as such.

Alice Weston lived in an old-fashioned country house, built some five or six miles distant from any other habitation. Her father and mother, being old-fashioned, too, always retired to bed at nine o'clock; her brother and his wife did the same, and generally she was the last waking thing about the place.

On this particular night Alice was sitting before the half-closed curtains of the parlor fire, after all the rest had retired, leisurely combing her long, black hair, and dreaming as maidens will, of anything and everything.

The room was in a sort of limbo darkness, illuminated now and again by transient flashes of light from a bank of unburned coal at the very back of the grate, which now and again sent up sparks of white flame to play upon the vacant, red window curtains, and the dark foliage, and the crimson wall paper.

Everything glowed red in the room save one small white mound in the corner beside a wide sofa, and Alice knew that to be Baby Weston's little cradle, where he generally spent his days kicking or vocally employed while his mother pursued her usual household avocations.

Baby Weston was now, of course, sleeping upstairs, and the cradle was empty.

When Alice had dreamed to her heart's content, and was preparing to leave the room, it suddenly occurred to her to gather up the glowing heap of coals into the shovel and carry them up to her own bedroom stove, as the night was chilly.

She proceeded to do so, and raised the sulphurous pyramid in her hand. As she elevated the shovel a light flame burst all over the top of the pile, and for an instant the whole room was illuminated by it.

In that instant Alice, looking by chance toward the cradle, thought she saw a second white object in the corner. She lowered the shovel so that the flames might escape up the chimney, and looked more carefully.

Assuredly there was something white beside the cradle—something surely not there a few minutes ago.

Alice's heart, which was as timid as that of a hare, began to beat very fast. What could it be? Had they forgotten

to take the baby up to bed, and had he fallen out of the cradle? All at once she saw, or thought she saw, the cradle move.

Scarcely waiting to reason, only conscious of a horrified conviction that Master Baby had been overlooked, and had consequently overturned by way of revenge, Alice, shivering in hand, went over to the corner, and stooped to examine the mysterious white object.

She found a man's face. His eyes staring up in mute terror, his countenance ghastly and bloodless, the rough black hair which garnished cheek, chin and lips fairly bristling—this agreeable image glared up at the fiery avalanche about to be thrown upon him, and at the wrathful woman with the long, flowing hair, and opened his mouth in a frantic but dumb appeal for mercy.

As for Alice, she was as far from thinking of aggressive measures as is the mouse beneath the paw of its devourer.

If she could have run away she would thankfully have done so, but her limbs seemed petrified.

Here was some terrible robber in the house, with intent to steal the contents of her father's wallet (it was well known that he had sold a pair of fat oaks the previous day, and that he would put his money in a china savings bank on the parlor mantel), and

the intruder had crawled under the sofa until the family should have retired, and fallen asleep, and, doubtless the noise she had made in putting the coals on the shovel had awakened him.

Of course he would arise and make an end of her, and then carry off the spoil, and her afflicted, bereft and beggared relatives would find in the morning a bleeding piece of clay.

"For Heaven's sake, let me off," gasped the monster, breaking in upon her sad reverie, "and I'll never try the like again."

With the blue flames flickering upon her white, set face, and the red clutched unheeded, the pulsant avenger moved back, and the man crawled out from his hiding-place and gathered himself up.

When Alice saw the size of him (he was at least six feet) she would have got into a nutshell had it been within the bounds of possibility, but she could only gaze up at him, her eyes wide and awing, the shovel unconsciously clutched in her hand.

"Show me the way out, man," muttered the robber, "and on my Bible oath I'll not lay hand on the value of a pin's point."

Eager to flight, by the impulses of great fear, the panic-stricken captor moved among the dusky furniture as if her legs worked by galvanism, and the panic-stricken captive slouched close beside her, his eyes bulging at every sound, the drops of perspiration streaming from his forehead.

Also the sulphurous smoke, which now plentifully wafted backward in his nostrils from that shore, caused such an insupportable tickling therein that it required much caution to avoid loud and fatal sneezing.

Through the long, draughty hall where the boards creaked appallingly beneath their tread, these two found ones passed, and reached the locked front door, and while Alice gazed up

at the monster, the latter, with a gasp, turned back, and saw Alice Weston sitting before the half-closed curtains of the parlor fire, after all the rest had retired, leisurely combing her long, black hair, and dreaming as maidens will, of anything and everything.

The room was in a sort of limbo darkness, illuminated now and again by transient flashes of light from a bank of unburned coal at the very back of the grate, which now and again sent up sparks of white flame to play upon the vacant, red window curtains, and the dark foliage, and the crimson wall paper.

Everything glowed red in the room save one small white mound in the corner beside a wide sofa, and Alice knew that to be Baby Weston's little cradle, where he generally spent his days kicking or vocally employed while his mother pursued her usual household avocations.

Baby Weston was now, of course, sleeping upstairs, and the cradle was empty.

When Alice had dreamed to her heart's content, and was preparing to leave the room, it suddenly occurred to her to gather up the glowing heap of coals into the shovel and carry them up to her own bedroom stove, as the night was chilly.

She proceeded to do so, and raised the sulphurous pyramid in her hand. As she elevated the shovel a light flame burst all over the top of the pile, and for an instant the whole room was illuminated by it.

In that instant Alice, looking by chance toward the cradle, thought she saw a second white object in the corner. She lowered the shovel so that the flames might escape up the chimney, and looked more carefully.

Assuredly there was something white beside the cradle—something surely not there a few minutes ago.

Alice's heart, which was as timid as that of a hare, began to beat very fast. What could it be? Had they forgotten

to take the baby up to bed, and had he fallen out of the cradle? All at once she saw, or thought she saw, the cradle move.

Scarcely waiting to reason, only conscious of a horrified conviction that Master Baby had been overlooked, and had consequently overturned by way of revenge, Alice, shivering in hand, went over to the corner, and stooped to examine the mysterious white object.

She found a man's face. His eyes staring up in mute terror, his countenance ghastly and bloodless, the rough black hair which garnished cheek, chin and lips fairly bristling—this agreeable image glared up at the fiery avalanche about to be thrown upon him, and at the wrathful woman with the long, flowing hair, and opened his mouth in a frantic but dumb appeal for mercy.

As for Alice, she was as far from thinking of aggressive measures as is the mouse beneath the paw of its devourer.

If she could have run away she would thankfully have done so, but her limbs seemed petrified.

Here was some terrible robber in the house, with intent to steal the contents of her father's wallet (it was well known that he had sold a pair of fat oaks the previous day, and that he would put his money in a china savings bank on the parlor mantel), and

the intruder had crawled under the sofa until the family should have retired, and fallen asleep, and, doubtless the noise she had made in putting the coals on the shovel had awakened him.

Of course he would arise and make an end of her, and then carry off the spoil, and her afflicted, bereft and beggared relatives would find in the morning a bleeding piece of clay.

"For Heaven's sake, let me off," gasped the monster, breaking in upon her sad reverie, "and I'll never try the like again."

With the blue flames flickering upon her white, set face, and the red clutched unheeded, the pulsant avenger moved back, and the man crawled out from his hiding-place and gathered himself up.

In a Texas Town. Stranger—My friend, you seem to be in trouble. Man—Yes, I am, mister, but you can't do anything for me. Stranger—What's the matter? Man—Well, you see, the sheriff arrested me last week for theft, but there's only one bed in the jail and he wants that himself. The truth of it is, stranger, I've no place to stay nights—Judge.

A Good Reason. Little Johnny Fizzlepop had the habit of waking up every night and demanding something to eat. At last his mother said to him: "Look here, Johnny, I never want to eat anything in the night."

"Well, I don't think I care much to eat anything either in the night if I kept my teeth in a bag of water," Texas Siftings.

What Could She Mean? She—My dear husband, I do wish you wouldn't get your hair cut so short. It looks like a reflection upon my temper.

He—Well, my dear, I insist upon it, saying it is conducive to happiness among married men.

She—It may be among men, but it is very unsatisfactory to a married woman.—N. Y. Herald.

ANCIENT HISTORY. Customer—You made a mistake in my prescription the other day. It called for two grains of opium and I got a small package containing magnesia. Druggist—Are you sure about it? Customer—Yes, there is a duplicate prescription from the physician. Now the question is, who got the opium? Druggist—Dear me, that's so! (To the prescription clerk) James, who's dead in the neighborhood?—Jury.

Good Men Not Needed. Stranger—I should think such an enterprising, public-spirited citizen as Mr. Goodman would be nominated for some important office in this community. Politician—He'd run well, but we don't need him.

"Don't need him?" "No, we're always sure of a big majority, anyhow."—N. Y. Weekly.

Willing to Be a Mother to Him. Immature but Ardent Lover I will not be trifled with any longer, Maud Spannmere! Will you marry me? Yes or no?

Mature but Unconquerable Damsel (with anxious concern)—Harry, you had the whooping cough and have been vaccinated yet? Chicago Tribune.

City Girl Satisfied Woman. The Singular Girl—My only ambition is to write a book. The Practical Girl—Well, why don't you write one, then?

The Singular Girl—Why, if I did, I shouldn't have any ambition left, would I?—Munsey's Weekly.

ABRAMS WAS SATISFIED. "Here, Abrams, look at this suit of clothes you sold me yesterday!" "What's the matter of 'em?" I sold 'em to you half off for cash, didn't I?"

"Yes." "Well, I've got 'em cash, and de close is half off, ain't it? What more do you want?"—Life.

Couldn't Be Satisfied. Wool—My cock took to-day, in spite of all I could do. Van Felt—What was the trouble? Wool—The children annoyed her. I offered to kill the children, but she was afraid the authorities would detain her as a witness.—Jury.

Free to Hope. "May I hope?" he asked, after his seventeenth rejection. "Yes," she replied, "you may."

"Because," he said, pleadingly. "Because," she responded, earnestly. "This is a free country."—Washington Post.

Very Strange. Sunday-School Teacher (finishing the narration)—And that is the story of Jonah and the whale.

Johnny Combs—Isn't it strange they knew what a Jonah was that long ago?—Jury.

Precept and Practice. Mrs. Tangle—Remember, Tommy, never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.

Tommy—Then, ma, I guess I'd better eat up the rest of those candies right now.—Saturday Evening Herald.

Induction from Particulars. Watson—Benson, how was your play received? Benson—Well, sir, the crowd laughed itself sore.

Watson—Ah? I didn't know it was a tragedy.—Judge.

Not a Book Lover. Papa—Well, Jack, what book have you found most valuable this year? Jack (thoughtfully)—To tell you the truth, father, I lost on every book I made.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Proverb Disproved. "They say that time is money, but I don't believe it."

"Why not?" "Because rich men never seem to have a moment to spare."—Puck.

An Authoritative Decision. Tommy came running to his father one day with a weight of trouble on his mind. "Sadie says that the moon is made of green cheese, pa, and I don't believe it."

"Don't you believe it? Why not?" "I know it isn't!" "But how do you know?" "Is it, papa?"

"Don't ask me that question; you must find out for yourself."

"How can I find out?" "You must study into it."

He went to the parlor, took the family Bible from the table and was misused for some time, when he came running into the study.

"I have found it out; the moon is not made of green cheese; for the moon was made before the cows were."—Life.

Matrimonial Intelligence. "Is it a fact," asked one Austin young lady of another Austin young lady, "that you have consented to marry young Spoony, and are going to be married right off?"

"Yes, he has not got any money; he is ugly, and he is dying of consumption. He won't live two months."

"That's the very reason I marry him. Black is so becoming to me that I ought to have been a widow years and years ago."—Texas Siftings.

An Investigation in Order. Customer—You made a mistake in my prescription the other day. It called for two grains of opium and I got a small package containing magnesia.

Druggist—Are you sure about it? Customer—Yes, there is a duplicate prescription from the physician. Now the question is, who got the opium?

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BATTLE WITH AN ELK.

A Hunter's Perilous Encounter with a Buck Which He Had Wounded. Mr. D. C. Devereaux, a hunter of the neighborhood of Boise City, Idaho, reports an exciting time with a wounded elk, while on a recent hunt along the Snake river. These noble creatures have grown exceedingly rare of late years, owing to the assiduity with which they have been hunted, and when seen at all in remote districts are so shy that it is with difficulty hunters obtain a shot at them.

The party of which Mr. Devereaux was a member had contented themselves with smaller game, and it was with some surprise that they ran into a small herd of elk moving along Rock creek, a small tributary of the Snake. No opportunity was afforded for surrounding the animals, which is the only successful way of hunting them, but coming upon them suddenly, a wild scattering fire only served to disperse them, when they were off like the wind. Mr. Devereaux, who happened, however, to be some distance ahead of the others, managed to wound a buck, though without bringing him to the ground.

The animal, apparently maddened with pain, plunged into the Rock, and swimming it, was soon on the other side and running as fast as the wind in his hind quarter would allow. The party, seeing it impossible to overtake the herd, set off in pursuit of the wounded elk, but by the time they succeeded in finding a ford and had crossed the creek the animal was out of sight.

Though his trail, which was marked by a stream of blood, was followed without difficulty. After a mile and a half of rapid riding, indications unmistakable to a hunter's eye were noticed that told of the elk's exhaustion, and a short distance further on they caught sight of the laboring, suffering creature as he attempted to mount a small hillock some hundred yards away.

Mr. Devereaux, claiming the elk as his game, rode forward at full speed, reaching the foot of the ridge just as the elk paused, exhausted, on the summit, when he fired. The animal staggered a little and then rolled out of sight over the sharp brow of the hillock, crashing through the undergrowth. Circumling the ridge, Mr. Devereaux rode to its foot, where he found the deer lying motionless, and thinking him dead, he dismounted and advanced toward him. But, evidently only stunned, the elk rose like a flash and was in the act of bounding away when the hunter fired, wounding him in the breast by a glancing shot which laid bare the bone and seemed to distract the animal. He ran at his pursuer with lowered head, and only to be avoided by Mr. Devereaux's hasty spring to one side. He fired several shots, each, as was afterward ascertained, taking effect in the body, but without staying the elk, which again struck at its tormentor.

The situation was one of extreme peril, for an elk's horns are formidable weapons, and have been known to lay open a horse's side when the animal is at bay. Mr. Devereaux met the new stroke by a tremendous blow with his gun, which was now empty, but, though the weapon was broken into a dozen pieces, it evidently did not affect the furious animal, which returned to the attack at once, stamping and lunging forward with his horns. By this time the rest of the hunters had ridden up, and at every opportunity when it was thought safe to fire at the elk, while out of danger of hitting their companion, they poured the creature, which now fell on its knees, wounded to death. Seeing this, Mr. Devereaux sprang upon him from behind, and kept him from struggling to his feet, at the same time plunging his stout knife into his neck. He fell over with such force that it was all the hunter could do to escape having his right leg crushed beneath the great weight. The elk was found to be wounded in seventeen places.—Chicago Journal.

GOOD OLD SERVANTS. How Kind-Hearted People in Mere Thoughtlessness Expose Their Homes to Suffering. A span of carriage horses, after some years of service, lose their style; they become a little stiff, a little "sore forward." It may be one of them, perhaps, is suffering from indigestion, and on the whole it is thought high time to dispose of them, and get a fresher, younger pair. Accordingly, John, the groom, is directed to take them to an auction stable, and in due course of time, a check—a very small check, to be sure, but still large enough to make a respectable contribution to foreign missions or anything else of importance. That is all he knows about the transaction, and he does not allow his mind to dwell upon the inevitable result.

But let Dives go to the auction stable himself; let him observe the wistful, homesick air (for horses are often homesick) with which the old favorites look about them when they are backed out of the unaccustomed stalls; then let him stand by and see them whipped and down the stable door to show their tardy paces, and finally knocked down to some hard-faced, thin-lipped dealer. It needs very little imagination to foresee that after career. To begin with, the old companions are separated—a great grief to both, which it requires a long time to obliterate. The more active one goes into a country livery stable, where he is backed about by people whose only interest in the beast is to take out of him the pound of flesh for which they have paid. He has no rest on week days, but his Sunday task is the hardest.

On that sacred day the reproaches of the village who have arrived at the perfect age of cruelty (which I take to be about nineteen or twenty) lash the old carriage horse from one public house to another, and bring him home exhausted and weeping with sweat. His mate goes into a job washer's hands, possibly into a stable, and is driven his right leg, and his hind ribs and the painful lameness in his hind leg should attract the notice of meddlesome persons. The last stage of many a downward equine career is found in the shape of a "frit," peddler's or junk dealer's wagon, in which situation there is continual exposure to heat and cold, to rain and snow, recompensed by the least possible amount of food.

It may be that one of the old horses whose fate we are considering is finally bought by some poverty-stricken farmer; he works without grain in summer, and passes long winter nights in a cold and draughty barn, with scanty covering, and no bed but the floor. It is hard that in his old age, when like an old man, he feels the cold most and is most in need of nonfading food, he should be deprived of all the comforts of the warm stall and soft bed, the good blankets and plentiful oats—that were heaped upon him in youth.

If it is probably the case, the old carriage horse has been doctored, his suffering in warm weather will be greatly increased. That form of mutilation which we call docking is, I believe, an artistic and barbarous, and I do not doubt that before many years it will become obsolete, as is now the cropping of horses' ears, which was practiced so late as 1810. But still I should not strongly condemn the owner for docking his horses, or buying them after they had been docked, which comes to the same thing, if his intention and custom were to keep them as long as they lived. But to dock a horse, thus depriving him forever of his tail, to keep him till he is old or broken down, and then sell him for what he will bring, is the very refinement of cruelty.—Atlantic Monthly.

A REMARKABLE RIVER. Strange Conduct of the Waters of a Canadian Stream. The Saguenay, a large river in Canada, falling into the estuary of the St. Lawrence, on the north side, about one hundred and fifteen miles below Quebec, is rightly reckoned as being the deepest and most remarkable stream in the world. Excepting in a very few places, where great ranges of hills seem to cross its bed, the average depth is nine hundred feet, the bottom of the spot where it joins the St. Lawrence is the lowest of the last-named stream. This a low point of rocks at the shore, or an island, is really the top of a moderately sized mountain springing up from the mysterious depths of this deepest of all rivers. As the spring tides rise about eighteen feet, the currents of the river are violent and eccentric; in some places the old stream runs four to six miles per hour; the eddies along the shore are like those of a rapid, the undercurrent sometimes laying hold of a vessel to turn her about or to hold her in spite of all efforts to escape.

Before the use of towboats on the Saguenay, a vessel left helplessly by a calm sometimes drifted against some submerged mountain peak, and when the tide fell, capsize in deep water. An anchorage being very rarely found, large iron rings have been set in the water, which show themselves above the "hitching-posts" and await a fair wind. The tide of the Saguenay, and even its extraordinary rapidity, thus, notwithstanding the fact that the ebb current very rarely ceases to flow out of the river, high tide arrives at Chicoutimi only forty-five minutes later than at Tadoussac, seventy miles away. On the St. Lawrence the tide advances in the same time only from Tadoussac to Mur-ray bay, thirty-five miles distant.—St. Louis Republic.

Smoke Blossoms. "Did you ever see a smoke blossom, asked an old smoker. Well, the way to make them is this: Blow a ring in a still atmosphere and then watch it. The smoke making the ring revolves toward the center, as you look toward the ring shoots slowly away from the rest, forming a loop. When the two sides of this loop come almost together, the loop seems to burst at its apex, and a tiny smoke blossom will break up into other small loops, and they will produce smaller smoke blossoms, as did the larger one. I can't account for it, but a smoke ring invariably leaves these queer blossoms."—N. Y. Sun.

The ancient Finns believed that a mystic bird laid an egg on the lap of Vainamoinen, who hatched it in his bosom. He let it fall into the water and it broke, the lower portion of the shell forming the earth, the upper the sky; the liquid became the sun and the yolk the moon, while the little fragments of broken shell were transformed into stars.

The Ruling Passion. Love—Loving—But if you did not love him, why, oh, why did you marry him?

Lady Bankrupt—Well, my dear, he was going at such a bargain, I couldn't resist.—Puck.

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LEGENDS RELATING TO MUSIC.

The Origin of the Chinese Scale—A Cruel Hindu Experiment.

The Chinese claim to have obtained their musical scale from a miraculous bird. There are also traditions regarding the inventions of musical instruments. The most popular ones of the Chinese are assigned to a period when China was under the sway of "Heavenly spirits," about B. C. 3,000.

Confucius, the great Celestial philosopher, on one occasion, happening to hear some divine music, is reported to have been so enraptured as not to have tasted food for three months. It is a Japanese tradition that the Sun Goddess, in resentment of the violence of a brother, retired into a cave, leaving the universe in darkness. The gods, in their concern for the welfare of mankind, devised music to draw her from her retreat, and were successful.

An old Swedish tradition tells of a harper who made his instrument out of the bones of a young girl killed by a wicked woman. Her fingers were the turning screws and her golden hair the strings. The harper played and the murderess was killed.

The Hindoos told of days long gone when the gods forbade mortals to sing a certain song on pain of being burned to death. A cruel emperor once commanded a celebrated musician to sing that song. In vain the unhappy man attempted to excuse himself. The emperor was firm.

The musician, after bidding his family an affectionate farewell, placed himself in the waters of the Jumna until they reached his neck. After he had sung a strain or two the water became hot and began to boil. In terrible agony, the musician pleaded again to be excused, but the inexorable monarch commanded that the song be finished. The musician continued his singing, and, although immersed in water, flames burst from his body and it was reduced to ashes.

The legendary faeries are proverbially fond of music, and are described as a "numerous, merry people, always singing like crickets." Among the many stories told about them is the following: "A New Zealand chief had gone out with his dogs to hunt. When night came on he found himself on the top of a high hill. Then it was that the faeries approached and almost frightened him to death.

"He lighted a fire and that scared them a little. Whenever the fire blazed up brightly off went the faeries and hid themselves, and when it burned low back they came close to it, singing and dancing merrily. The terrified chief suddenly thought himself of his jasper neck ornament and his ear-ring made from the tooth of a shark.

"Hastily tearing them from his person, he placed them on a stick driven into the ground. The faeries approaching looked at the jewels and finally took the shadow from them and departed, leaving the trinkets on the stick."

Then, too, there is the characteristic Irish story of Maurice Connor, a celebrated bag-piper. One day, as he was playing on the seashore a beautiful lady with green hair came up from the sea, dancing and singing most charmingly.

When she invited him to go with her and to marry her he could not resist. Thus Maurice Connor became the husband of the beautiful sea nymph. And the union was happy, too, for say the people of Kerry, on a still night the sounds of a bag-pipe off the coast are heard, and they are quite sure that it is Connor's music which they hear.

The story is told of a famous Arab musician named Al-Farabi, who appeared in disguise before the court of caliph of Bagdad, while that monarch was enjoying his daily concert. Al-Farabi was permitted to exhibit his skill. He began to sing in a peculiar way and accompanied himself on the flute. All the courtiers and even caliph himself began to laugh uproariously. Suddenly the musician changed his tune, and his audience were moved to tears. Again he sang and played. This time with such effect that the courtiers became furious and would have fought each other had not the musician appeased them. Al-Farabi concluded his entertainment by soothing his auditors to sleep.—Toledo Blade.

IRISH SUPERSTITIONS.

Some Quaint Peculiarities of the People of the Green Isle.

I had a talk with an intelligent man who lived for a long time in the west of Ireland, says H. Vere White, and he told me of some superstitions current there which may be new to some of us here. It is very unlucky to strike anything with a branch from an elder tree. If a boy in play strikes another with such a branch, it must be broken at once, or the stricken boy will never thrive, so of a pig, or any animal. You must not throw out soiled water from your cabin door at night, unless you first make a long speech, in Irish, to the faeries, warning them off the ground. It is unlucky to tell the exact price of a cow, or other animal, recently bought; but you may go near it—e. g., Pat meets Mick driving a cow, and says: "You've been after buying that cow?" Mick—"Indeed, an' I have." Pat—"That didn't cost less than ten pounds?" Mick—"Sure, you're not far out?" or "You may add a pound or two to that."

This notion may be connected with what you happily style the "Polyverating superstition." But the following is a clearer instance of it: You must always add, "God bless her!" if you praise an animal belonging to a neighbor. A native will never omit this; and if a stranger says, "That's a fine cow," without adding the charm, the owner will remind him of his duty: "You might say, 'God bless her!'"

It is fatally unlucky, if you are churning, to allow a fire to be taken out of the house. If a neighbor comes in to light his pipe, and sees the churn at work, he will turn away with an apology, a stranger will be refused the light, politely but firmly. You must put salt in your bucket when you are going to milk, and it is safer, if you are going out at night, to take the tongs or poker in your hands, as the "holy iron" will keep away wicked spirits.

The English superstitions about going under a ladder, or spilling salt, are, I think, confined here to members of the "English garrison." They have been imported and are not known among the really poor Irish.—Chicago Journal.

Not Enough.

He (passionately)—One kiss before I go.

She (disgustedly)—Well, if you do not want to kiss me more than once you need not kiss me at all.—Jury.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Robert Grant, the Boston lawyer and writer, is thirty-nine years old and has a delightful home on Commonwealth avenue. His practice confines him so closely that he has little time for literary work, although he attempts to devote an hour of each day to writing.

—Edmund de Pressensac, the late French Protestant writer, had undergone the operation of tracheotomy and had lost the power of speech. Writing was then his only means of communication with his family. But his wife had become blind from a cataract, and their intercourse was sadly restricted.

—Antoine Chupa, the French sculptor, who recently died from influenza, executed a bust of President Carnot last year, making his model in Bonnat's studio, where that painter was at work simultaneously on a portrait. He was a bright, vigorous gentleman of fifty-eight years, and was often seen at receptions and fetes with a lovely daughter, who completely tyrannized over him.

—The New York and Chicago Press Clubs have somewhat similar schemes for the erection of suitable club buildings. The New York Press Club, with about \$10,000 already subscribed toward a building fund, has approved a report of its building committee in favor of buying a site in Park place, 50 by 100 feet, for \$275,000, and putting up a building at a cost of \$500,000.

—An amusing story is told of the Empress Eugenie going to make a friendly visit to her majesty, Victoria of England. The French queen naturally wore her "gown of ceremony" with trailing skirt and the sensible little English sovereign with her customary short petticoats and strong low-heeled boots, entertained her distinguished visitor by dragging her train and all, through the slush for a walk about the farm at Windsor.

—Russia claims to possess the oldest soldier in the world in Col. Grizelenko, of Pottawa, near Odessa, who on February 7 celebrated his one hundred and seventeenth birthday. Entering the service in 1789, over one hundred years ago, he received from the hands of the Empress Catherine, after the taking of Ismail, where he was serving under Suvaroff, the military gold medal. This bears the inscription: "For exceptional bravery in the assault of Ismail, December 11, 1789."

—The King and Queen of Denmark gave their granddaughter, the Princess Louise, when she was confirmed, white enamel furniture with pale blue Persian rugs and hangings for her birthday. Her mother, the crown prince, gave her a gold-mounted Bible; her father, a watch set with diamonds; the emperor and empress of Russia, emine and caparals; and the princess of Wales a diamond-studded fan and a ruby-mounted bouquet holder.

—It is announced that Mrs. Grant will not allow the reminiscences she has written of her late husband, Gen. U. S. Grant, to be published. She has been at work on them for some time and intended at first that they should appear in one of the magazines. Her materials included all Gen. Grant's private letters to her, many of them having valuable comments on his part in the war. She has changed her mind now about publishing the reminiscences and will leave them as a record to her children.

HUMOROUS.

—No, Clarissa, when the bouquet of a wine is spoken of it is not the blossom on the drinker's nose that is referred to.—Washington Post.

—Professor Name the bones of the skull. Ratched Student—Oh, indeed, sir, I've got them in my head, but I just can't think of their names, sir.—Philadelphia Record.

—"I think," said the disconsolate farce comedian, "that I'll go and get vaccinated." "What for?" "To see if I can't find something that will take."—Washington Post.

—"A Delightful Thing to Contemplate."—"I don't think papa cares much for you, Fred," she whispered, softly. "That's all right," he replied, "forewarned is forearmed, you know." "Wouldn't it be nice," she continued, in a much lower whisper, "if you were really four armed?"—Epoch.

—"Which?" A beautiful young lady and her once beautiful mother were walking down the street together when they met two gentlemen whom the mother knew. "How much your daughter resembles you," exclaimed one. "How closely you resemble your daughter," exclaimed the other. Now which of these gentlemen was invited home to tea?—Somerville Journal.

—Milkman—"Did you buy that cow you were asking about?" Suburban—"No I was going to, but Wilkins told me just in time that the critter hadn't any upper teeth." Milkman—"I suppose you know that Wilkins bought her?" Suburban—"No, did he?" Milkman—"And that cows never have any upper teeth?" Suburban—"Then, 'is that so?'"—Boston Transcript.

—"The safest plan to pursue at a swell reception, where the waiters and the male guests are clad in swallow-tails, is to join your hands into your pantions pockets and jingle a few coins when you meet a stranger. If his eyes begin to bulge and his hand commences to travel toward you, he's a waiter. This is a straight tip.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—"This morning," writes a Sunday-school teacher, "I gave the children a little talk about their souls. When I had done, I thought I would ask them a few questions to see if they understood what I had told them. So I began: 'What did God give us besides our bodies?' 'Perhaps you can imagine what my emotions were when they instantly responded, 'Laughs.'—Harper's Bazar.

—Percy (aged five)—"Papa, if you had been married to Harry Lee's mamma, and Harry's papa had been married to my mamma, whose boy would I have been, anyhow?" Papa (toughing very hard behind his paper)—"I—I—well, Percy, my dear, I think this is a lovely day for a little boy to go out and play. You'd better run right out now, like a good little boy."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—She read the Papers.—A certain little girl, who is just learning to read short words, takes great interest in the big letters she sees in the newspapers. The other evening, after she had kept her mamma busy reading the advertisements in the newspapers to her, she knelt down to say her prayers. "Dear Lord," she lisped, "make me pure." Then she hesitated, and went on, with added fervor, a moment later, "make me absolutely pure, like baking powder."—

At a Bargain.

I have the following described property which I will sell at reasonable figures: Lots 11 and 12 in Block 12, Second addition; Lot 11 in Block 15, First addition; Lot 11 in Block 1, Brown's 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

—Taken Up. Came to my premises Monday, June 15, one red cow and calf, with white forehead, white hips, short horns, five or six years old. The owner is requested to call and pay charges and take same away. Residence corner of Rose and Mason Sts., Rhinelander. L. H. CHAMBERS.

Dissolution of Partnership. The firm of Gullia & Demars is this day dissolved by mutual consent. G. H. Gullia retaining from the date. The business will be conducted as heretofore by J. Demars, who will collect all bills and pay all accounts against said firm. Dated June 24th 1901. G. H. Gullia, J. Demars.

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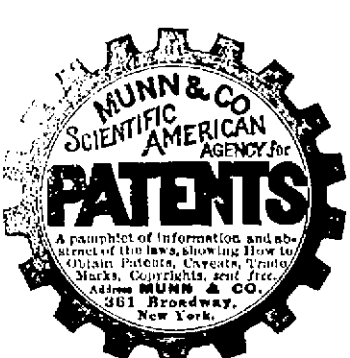
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